THE

MOUNTAIN CHIEF;

OR, THE

DESCENDANT OF WILLIAM TELL,

The Deliverer of Switzerland.

3562

A ROMANCE,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"'Tis liberty that gives
"The fading flower of life its lustre and perfume,
"And we are weeds without it."

LONDON:

Printed by John Dean, 57, Wardour Street, Soho.

FOR GEORGE HUGHES, 221, TOTTENHAM-COURT ROAD.

Bookseller to her R. H. the Princess of Wales.

1811.

THE

MOUNTAIN CHIEF.

CHAPTER I.

On a dark and stormy evening, Ulric Gribenholt traced his wearied way down the sides of the lowest acclivity of Mont Blanc, after unsuccessfully pursuing the dangerous chace of the chamois, from rock to rock, during the greater part of the day. Ulric was a youth who derived no nobility from a line of ancestry; his birth was obscure, and his father tilled his native

soil to earn a bare subsistence for his family: but Ulric's was a mind which soared above his situation: he possessed a soul, which scorning the fetters of poverty, expanded itself continually, and thirsted for employment more adapted to its desires. The bravery of Tell was yet green, and his heroic fortitude had animated the breast of Ulric, and had kindled there a flame which was neither to be repressed nor extinguished: his heart was touched by an enthusiastic ardour and the wrongs which Switzerland daily experienced at the hands of her Austrian oppressors rankled deeply within him. From this moment he scorned to pursue the humble avocations of his sire; his thoughts were abstracted from his usual occupations, and he longed for an opportunity to emerge into a sphere where he might find room to indulge the noble propensi-

ties of his mind. In vain did his father strive to curb the impetuous disposition which displayed itself in his son; vainly did he urge him to reduce his wandering wishes to a level with his station in life; uselessly did he waste his hours in representing to him the futility of his hopes, and the absurdity of his airy anticipations. Ulric was not to be turned from his purpose, he had fixed his eye on an object which glittered through the mists of futurity, and gilded the remoteness of time; he had heard and read of heroes, he had witnessed heroism, and he panted to emulate the deeds which he admired. This military inclination owed its origin to the instructions and discourse of father Ursulo, a worthy monk of the priory of Chamouny, who had conceived an early attachment to Ulric, and had taken upon himself the charge of his education;

in the progress of which he delighted to expatiate on the independent spirit of the horoic Swiss, and held him forth as an example to all the Helvetic youth. Ulric was transported at the picture which patriotism had drawn; he contemplated the undaunted Tell as something more than mortal; and, secretly he resolved to shape his own conduct according to that of the immortal patriot whose image was continually before his "mind's eye." Ardentlydid he pray for the arrival of some favourable opportunity when he might quit the humble abode of his infancy and his youth, and take the first step in the path which tended to immortal fame.

A mile to his right, was situated his paternal cottage, and just before him the priory of Chamouny lifted its lowly head, sheltered beneath the mountains. Well acquainted with the

road he fearlessly advanced, deeply engaged in meditation on his favourite subject, when the noise of clashing swords assailed his ear, accompanied by a loud cry—"Help me, Heaven, or I shall fall beneath the attacks of these assassins!" A ray of hope shot across the mind of Ulric—this might be the opportunity for which he had so frequently sighed, and the hour of his emancipation might be at hand! Armed only with his hunter's spear, he rushed impetuously to the spot, exclaiming "Who calls for assistance?" The noise of contention guided him to the spot, as a voice replied—"Heaven be praised; help is near—this way, stranger!" In an instant Ulric found himself opposed to a ruffian, whose own incautiousness sealed his ruin, since he rushed on the spear of Ulric and received it deeply in his breast: he fell, and the joyous

youth, flinging down his spear, seized the sword of his defeated foe, and flew to render assistance to the stranger who was furiously assailed by the remaining assassin. Just as he was approaching the scene of conflict, victory had declared in favour of the miscreant, and his wounded antagonist fell from his horse, but as the villain stooped to complete the work of iniquity, he was appalled and prevented by the voice of Ulric, who vociferated, as he struck him violently with the flat side of his sword—"defend *yourself*, miscreant, for Heaven frustrates your murderous design!" The paralyzed assassin turned suddenly round, and, after a moment's pause, muttering an indistinct and bitter execration, placed himself in an attitude of defence; but the attack of Ulric was too furious to be resisted successfully. His holy in-

structor had taught him the use of the sword, for he had himself been a warrior, and Ulric's skill quickly became evident to his affrighted antagonist, who vainly exerted himself to the utmost to ward off the stroke of annihilation, the voice of fate was against him, and in a few minutes, the sword of Gribenholt had silenced the tongue of the assassin for ever.

The next care of Ulric was to examine the state of the wounded stranger, who had fainted from loss of blood, and whom, with much difficulty, he conveyed to the priory, where father Ursulo paid the utmost attention to his wants, bound up his wounds, gave him cordials, and as his hurts were not dangerous, permitted him to proceed, with the assistance of Ulric, to the castle of Zur, of which he was the lord. Before they departed, however, the brave youth was

gratified by the unqualified praises of the monk for the intrepidity he had displayed, and his auguries that the circumstance would lead to some consequences of a favourable nature. The Count himself was also lavish in the expression of his gratitude to his preserver, and declared his determination to retain him in his castle, and to make him a recompense in some degree adequate to the service he had performed. The delighted peasant felt himself elated by the prospects which now suddenly opened to his view; he saw the obstacles to his future greatness diminish before his sanguine anticipations, and beheld himself placed on the summit of his hopes. Modestly bowing his head, he expressed his sense of the Count's kindness, and stated that if he could obtain, through his intercession, the means of serving his count'y, the

trivial services he had this night performed, would be overpayed. "Trivial as they are, modest youth," replied the Count as he leaned on the arm of his preserver, and quitted the priory for his own castle, which was only at the distance of an hour's walk; "but for them, I should now have ceased to exist; but you shall not find me ungrateful. There is one also who remains in the castle, and who will join in rewarding the brave hand which preserved her father from destruction."

After a tedious walk, during which, the travellers were obliged to pause frequently, in consequence of the weakness of the Count, they arrived at the gates of the castle of Zur, where the appearance of their pale and wounded lord struck terror into the bosoms of the faithful domestics. Florida, the daughter of the Count,

trembling with anxiety, assisted to support her parent to a couch, when he introduced Ulric as his preserver, and bade her express to him the thanks which he was incompetent to speak. The blushing fair one, who was the counterpart of an angel, approached the agitated youth, and gracefully bending her knee to the floor, took his hand and, pressing it to her lips, exclaimed, in a voice attuned to harmony,—" Best of men, accept the thanks and blessings of a daughter, who owes to you the safety of the most affectionate of parents. Would that I had more to bestow, but alas! my best returns are weak and without value; yet never while memory retains her seat in her brain, shall the preserver of Count Albert cease to be remembered with esteem and gratitude, by the overwhelmed and agitated Florida.

"And never shall I wish for a dearer recompence!"—Ulric would have replied; but for the first time in his life, he found the want of courage to express his feelings. Indeed, until this moment, he had never been placed in such a happy and overpowering situation; and, more than once he felt half inclined to dispute the reality of what he witnessed, but imagined himself under the influence of a pleasing vision from which he must shortly and reluctantly awake. The most beautiful woman he had ever beheld was kneeling before him, and the tears of gratitude stood in her eyes as she blessed him. His transports where too mighty for utterance; his swelling heart palpitated with extreme emotion and a torrent of tears rushed down his cheeks as he replied in a faltering voice.— "Madam, I did but my duty and your

expressions of gratitude so far surpass my deserts or expectations, as to embarrass me exceedingly." As he said this, he pressed the hand of the beautiful Florida to his lips with an ardour which raised a blush upon the cheeks upon the lovely fair, from whose heaving bosom burst a sigh, as she innocently pressed the hand which reluctantly relinquished her own.

Ulric's form was manly, and his countenance, naturally handsome, was continually clothed with a benignant smile, which heightened its attractiveness. His eyes beamed with expression; and, notwithstanding the lowliness of his situation in life, an air of dignity sat upon his brow, which ennobled his appearance and belied the obscurity of his birth. As Florida gazed upon the guest and preserver of her father, she thought

him the most amiable youth she had ever seen; since his personal graces were so well backed by the intrepidity of his conduct. For some moments she surveyed him with an admiration which, under different circumstances, must have attracted the notice of her father, but it passed unobserved, except by Ulric himself, who was entranced as he marked the eloquent gratitude which emanated from her eyes; and his bosom elicited a sigh as he mentally exclaimed—"How must such a companion tend to sweeten the cares, and lessen the toils of life!" "But she is not for thee!" returned an inward monitor, as he called to mind the meanness of his name, his want of means even for his own subsistence, and the unpromising prospects which must await him if he yielded his determination of pursuing greatness in the field of enterprize. This idea ba-

nished at once, the symptoms of love which had displayed themselves in his breast, and he resolved to think alone of the darling object which had hitherto attracted him, and to achieve some act which might give him consequence and renown.

From this train of thought Ulric was rouzed by a request of the Count that he might be informed of the name and rank of his preserver. A slight blush tinged the cheek of Ulric as he heard the question, it was a mingled suffusion of pride and shame. Yet why should I blush to avow the truth, thought the peasant, for no debasing crime attaches itself to my name, nor sullies the form which heaven has given to me. "My lord (said he) I possess no other rank than that which nature has bestowed on man. All which I possess I bear about me, an independent soul, and for this

I am indebted to the bounty of Heaven. My name is Ulric Gribenholt, and my father labours to improve the remotest part of your lordships possessions, on the lake of Zurich. Unfitted, however, for such employment, I seek to repel the haughty legions of Austria; I long to revenge the wrongs of my bleeding country, and to prove that the son of the husbandman Gribenholt, will not disgrace the acts of his grandfather, Tell!"

"Thou art a gallant youth" replied the Count, extending his hand, "and derivest more true nobility from the deeds of thy patriotic grandsire, than a title could confer; but, if I mistake not, thy own deeds will prove a sufficient passport to nobility; and thou wilt hereafter become one of the pillars of Helvetian independence. At this moment a choice band of patriots

inhabits the abysses of Mont Blanc, and will soon rush forth to resist the inundation of tyranny which threatens even the last remaining spark of our liberties with speedy destruction. With them thou wilt find that opportunity which thou desirest, and mayest sow the seeds of a plentiful harvest of future glory."

The soul of Ulric was fixed by his statement, and his resolution was instantly formed to join the patriotic legion of the mountains, and to wield a sword to repel those oppressive exactions, which had been already shaken by the invincible spirit of Tell. His eyes shot forth a more than human energy, as he replied—"Give me, my lord, but a clue to find these gallant mountaineers, and I am abundantly recompensed for the service I have performed; for a life successfully spent in emancipating one's country from a

foreign yoke, is better than ten thousand wasted in indolent pursuits, and useless inactivity."

The whole soul of Florida seemed collected into her eyes as the spirited language of the gallant stranger broke upon her ears, and an involuntary sigh burst from her bosom, as the dangers attendant on the course which he so fervently longed to follow, flashed before her view. She was surprised at the emotion which agitated her frame, and wondered at the interest she had taken in the fate of a stranger: but that stranger was the preserver of her father, and her innocent heart, ignorant of the nature of the passion which had introduced itself there, was satisfied that in cherishing an ardent esteem for one who had so essentially served her, it did no more than duty required, and that to act oppositely would be ungrateful. The sigh which had

escaped her, however, had not passed unnoticed: it attracted the attention and drew upon her the notice of her father and Ulric. The former contemplated the agitation of his daughter with uneasiness and suspicion; while the latter fixed his gaze upon her with an ardour of affection which raised a crimson blush upon her cheeks, and again almost convinced her that she had acted indiscreetly. As this thought flashed more forcibly across her mind, the tear of regret started into her eye, and was about to trace its way down her beautiful countenance, when a reassuring smile from her father, banished the intruder and lighted up again the smile of joy. The cloud and sunbeam alternately clothed the aspect of Ulric, as he marked the changes in that of Florida; and, no sooner had he beheld it again illumed with happiness, than his own confessed

the cheering influence of a smile, and love, joy and ambition once more shared the dominion over his soul.

Suspicion had for a moment entered the bosom of the Count, but his noble nature refused to entertain the unwelcome guest, as he calmly asked his own heart if there was any thing so reprehensible and so novel in the ardour of esteem which his daughter displayed towards the gallant youth? A tear rushed into his eye, as he gave his hearty negative to the question, and censured that rigid virtue which gave to the gay candour of innocence the name of guilt. Anxious to wipe away the impressions which might have been caused by his momentary appearance of anger, he stretched out his hand to the scarcely recovered Florida, and in a voice of more than usual tenderness, bade her take her harp, and soothe him into a forgetfulness of his wounds,

with the lay which had been taught her by her tutor Ap Gryff, the wandering bard. The beautiful maid complied with her father's request, and taking her harp, she swept the strings with a skill in harmony which thrilled the transported soul of Ulric, who scarcely dared to breathe as the lovely minstrel drew from her instrument celestial strains, and accompanied with the scarcely less exquisite tones of her voice, as she sang the following stanzas:—

Hark, from Gothard's hoary steep,
Softly floating through the sky,
Sounds in dullest measures sweep—
'Tis the voice of Liberty!

"Mountain youth! assemble here!
"Near the spot where Gresler fell:
"Bend the bow, and point the spear;
"Emulate the deeds of Tell!

"Heard you not Helvetia's wail?
"Heard you not Helvetia's sighs?
"Tears and misery prevail—
"Tyrants reign and Freedom dies!

"Freedom's sun—though set in night—
"Freedom's sun shall rise again—
"Switzers rouse—provoke the fight;
"Let German blood bedew the plain!

"Emulate the deeds of Tell;"
"Check corruption's hydra power:
"Let each breast with ardour swell—
"Then no more the storm shall lower."

Hark! the accents fade away—
Hosts of warriors seek the plain—
Hail the joy-inspiring lay—
Freedom gilds the Alps again.

Equally entranced with the melody and the subject of the song, Ulric sat in an attitude of astonishment, for some moments, before he could recover himself sufficiently to give his feelings vent. At length he burst forth into a transporting exclamation—"Celestial must be the mind which gave birth to such stimulating sentiments, and inspired the angel-voice which clothed them in a dress of such captivating

harmony. Could but the bard convey to my soul some portion of the fire which glows in his own; could he but teach me to entertain such exalted and cheering sentiments; then might I indeed indulge the hope, the animating expectation of gaining the object of my wishes; then might the grandson of Tell not vainly attempt to imitate the immortalizing deed of his patriotic ancestor!"

"Thou shalt see the bard, youth, who has thus attracted thy admiration," replied the Count, "and thou wilt then discover that this spirit which thou so ardently covetest, dwells in a person, enfeebled by age, and withered beneath the blasting influence of fourscore years." Saying this, he desired his daughter to call her instructor, and, in a few moments, Ap Gryff stood before them.

The bard, in his whole appearance,

confessed the power of time ; his body naturally tall was bowed down, and a staff supported him ; a venerable beard graced his chin, descending in hoary ringlets to his breast. His hair was grey, silvered over by the frost of age, and the scanty locks were sparingly scattered upon his head. On his wrinkled brow, sat majesty enthroned in the midst of sorrow, and his eyes shot forth an expression which penetrated to the heart of Ulric, as the Count introduced the youth as his preserver. "And he has preserved a noble heart," returned the bard, "and one who knows not how to forget an obligation." "Especially one of such magnitude and performed by the gallant grandson of the illustrious Tell !" added the blushing Florida, casting a look of triumph at the bard, who seemed to be inspired with new life, when he understood that before

him he beheld a shoot of such a lovely and promising stock.

After a moment's pause, during which Ap Gryff surveyed Ulric with a penetrating eye, he returned—" And mayest thou, gallant youth assist to complete what he has so well begun. Nursed in the wilds of Cambria, my mind was early imbued with the love of liberty, and the praises of freedom from the lips of the celebrated bards of Britain, accompanied by the soul-awakening strains of their harps, first taught me to tune the instrument, and humbly imitate them. Gradually I grew into notice, and my strains cheered the soldiers of Llewellyn to the field on that dreadful morning which beheld the termination of British liberties. With some difficulty I escaped the exterminating sword of the conqueror, and quitting the dear scenes of my infancy and my

youth, bidding adieu to the spot so long favored, but now deserted by freedom and to the mountains which had often echoed responsive to my harp, I took my weeping way in a thick disguise to an English sea-port, and was soon transported to the shores of the continent. I had no money, but I had few wants, and my instrument never failed to awaken humanity in the bosoms of those to whom I applied, and who gave readily the food and lodging which I claimed in its holy name. The south of France, and Italy cherished the banished bard of Cambria, but the sight of the Alps tempted me to visit their stupendous chain, and by my strains to awaken there the spirit of liberty. The deeds of Tell were fresh in my recollection, and these had proved that the flame of independence only waited for a fit opportunity to burst forth to the con-

fusion of its oppressors. Hither I bent my way, subsisting on the hospitality of the peasants, until I clambered up the mountain boundaries of this oppressed land. On the third day from my quitting the ridges, I fell in with a band of Germans marching to devastate the possessions, and seize the person of an Helvetic lord, whose conduct had excited the suspicions of the Austrian Governor. I was compelled to accompany them, and to tune my harp to gratify the hordes of tyranny. I was determined to relax the sinews of oppression, and, sweeping my strings with all the energy of which I was master, I sang the contests of the sons of Cambria with their English oppressors; and I dwelt upon the wickedness of oppression, and cursed the restless spirit of ambition which had induced powerful nations to crush states of less magnitude, and

whose power of resistance were not adequate to their spirit. My strains sank into the hearts of the Germans, and excited discontents at the service on which they were marching: I caught the rising inclination, and sweeping my harp anew, I sang the exalted heroism which virtue can produce and support, and rested on the nerveless efforts of vice. I pointed out that it was righteous to rebel against tyrants, and that the desertion of a criminal cause was praiseworthy. My ardour imparted itself to the soldiers, and excited the suspicions of their commander, who drew his sword and advancing towards me, would have annihilated me, but at that moment the spear of one of his soldiers pierced his heart and he groaned out his breath in execrations against Heaven and me. From that moment my victory was complete,

and as we gained the castle which was to have been attacked, the intended assailants refused to commit violence, and before you, you behold its lord who was pleased to call me his preserver, and to command me to remain with him until the moment should arrive when the harp of a British bard might arouse the slumbering children of Switerzland, and stimulate them to resist oppression, and to emancipate their suffering country. My day of life wears to its close, but it will glad my aged days to behold the independence of Helvetia before I die, and greatly will it rejoice me if my harp may yet again be tuned to some purpose, and may sound the funeral dirge of tyranny: then shall my body return to the dust in peace and my soul shall be comforted in an union with the immortal and illustrious spirits of Taliesin and Merddin and

Llywarch, bards whose inspired harps have in days of yore, spread melodious music over those mountains which are now possessed by the invader."

Here the bard of Cambria ceased to speak, and seizing the harp, he pressed the tuneful strings, and produced such strains as penetrated the enraptured heart of Ulric, and caused the tears of enthusiasm to rush plentifully down his cheeks. The musician saw his power, and as he wished to fathom the disposition of the youth, and to discover if the grandson of Tell possessed that ardour of courage which was the promise of future greatness, he suddenly swept the instrument with increased energy, and chaunted the lay which disarmed the soldiers of oppression and saved the Castle of Zur from destruction. "And I wonder not at its power," exclaimed the agitated Ulric, "for he must be

less than man who could retain the base feelings of revenge, while such heaven-born harmonies assailed his ear. Exalted bard! take me under thy tuition, and stir me up to enthusiasm, that I may one day prove myself a worthy descendant of my grandsire. Teach me the lessons which experience has given to thee, and tune my soul to deeds of glory which may break the chain that binds my country."

"Although thy ancestors, brave youth," answered Ap Gryff, "can boast of no high descent, the actions of Tell have given to them and to thee an importance surpassing that of noble birth. In thee I behold the dawnings of a spirit which may one day cheer and restore thy country; and, with joy, will I accept the task to instil into thy bosom those principles of freedom and that love of glorious enterprize, which will give thee a

noble name. Thou shalt gird on a sword which shall penetrate the vitals of oppression, and Ap Gryff, the exiled bard of Britain, will accompany and stimulate thee, in the path of fame. My strains shall urge thee incessantly, and thy glory shall shed a lustre over my declining days; the heroes of the mountains shall celebrate the sword of Ulric, and the echoes of the vallies shall swell to the music of the harp of Ap Gryff. Oh! that harp which has led the Cambrian hosts to victory, and which has paralyzed the power of England; that harp which has even appalled the ambitious heart of Edward, shall yet be heard over the towering grisons, and shall strike dismay through the unfeeling Austrians. Helvetia shall yet be free! Away fear; away oppression! Mont Blanc shall first resound the animating tones of the British harp, and that

liberty which has deserted Cambria, shall take up her abode in the mountains of Switzerland. Zurich shall lead the way to independence, and lay for herself the foundations of a name which shall become imperishable. Already I behold in perspective the downfal of that power which encircles Helvetia in its iron grasp; already I have promise that the bones of Ap Gryff shall yet repose in a land which has achieved its own independence, and this reflection will blunt the sharpness of death. I shall now resume my sword with confidence; it shall once more be unsheathed in an honest cause, and when the din of war shall drown the harp of Ap Gryff, then shall he wield that weapon, in his old years, which, in his youth, was never drawn in vain."

"And may that success attend you which your efforts will so well deserve,

my gallant preservers!" exclaimed the Count, in a voice of transport. "You have both proved yourselves worthy of my confidence and friendship, for to you I am indebted for my existence, twice endangered. But the moment is scarcely yet arrived, and you must remain here, until a force sufficient shall be raised to give some effect to your exertions. The band of the mountains daily augments, and 'ere long, will it be prepared to receive the addition of Ulric's sword, and the harp of Ap Gryff; then let the enemies of Switzerland tremble at the near approach of that destruction which will overwhelm them for ever." As the worthy Count thus expressed himself he stretched his hands toward each of his friends, and forgot for a moment, his wounds, in the excess of his feelings. In the mean time Florida beheld the growing

interest of the scene with increasing emotion: she esteemed Ap Gryff, but the appearance of Ulric excited a warmer sentiment; and never did mortal possess such attractions, in her estimation, as those which clothed Ulric, when the bard promised to become his tutor and his companion. "Surely," said she mentally, "it is the genius of Switzerland which has embodied itself in the form of this youth, to excite a spirit of independence in the slumbering inhabitants of the mountains!" For an instant, Ulric himself had almost forgotten Florida, but his eyes suddenly meeting her's, fixed themselves immediately on the charming object, and ambition, enthusiasm, and a thirst for glory at once receded from his view, and his whole soul was occupied with the image of her who had first taught him the power of the harp, and whom he

MAHA... BAHADUR'S ...THE TALUQDARS...

could not avoid considering as the most celestial object which had ever met his gaze.

From this moment Ap Gryff embraced every opportunity to increase the enthusiasm of Ulric, and the latter delighted to learn from his new instructor the details of those valorous achievements which had enabled the hardy Britons so long to repel their English invaders; his imagination was charmed with the almost incredible effects produced by the bardic melodies; and his whole attention was absorbed in the formation of plans of future greatness; except at those moments when the image of Florida would interpose and check the current of his thoughts; for a daily intercourse and association with this amiable girl was rather calculated to interrupt than to promote the effect produced by the lessons of the bard and the count.

Every hour and every conversation opened new beauties to the eyes of the enraptured youth who encouraged the growth of a passion which he suspected not the existence of, and greedily drank of the cup of love. The innocent Florida also imbibed a similar passion, and felt too much gratified in the company of Ulric to allow herself to place any restraint upon her inclinations. His absence was painful to her, and when he failed to accompany her in her morning's walk, her wearied steps retraced their way 'ere they had scarcely borne her without the castle walls. In the presence of Ulric all was lively, all was full of joy; nature looked more cheerful, and the sun shone more brightly, the cloud which overhung the atmosphere was unobserved; the approaching storm possessed no terrors; the cool damps of evening were felt not; and

the hours flew too rapidly away. In his absence all was dull, the glowing landscape had no beauties; the slightest breeze afforded a pretext for returning to the castle; the most beautiful day appeared inexpressibly dull; and tediously lingered the departing hours. When Ulric was uneasy and wished to leave her presence, she would fly to her harp, and call in its assistance; and the inspiring strains never failed to stay the fugitive. "Would that I possessed power;" would she exclaim, "to restrain you without having recourse to this instrument. I remember the time, and a few weeks have only subsequently passed, when you could stay with me without solicitation; and when you wanted no music to detain you. But the company of Ap Gryff has more charms for you now than mine has; and I could weep bitterly when this

idea comes across my mind, Ulric. Tell me do you not like my company as you did formerly? Have I offended you Ulric? If I have tell me quickly, that I may make haste and do away the unfavourable remembrance from my mind."

"Heaven is the witness of the delight of those moments which I devote to you, most angelic of women," returned the enamoured youth, for the first time assuming courage to press her unresisting hand to his lips; 'and joyful would be my fate if it decreed that I should hereafter share no other society. But I am obscure, yet ambitious, and with my sword and my spear must I build the fabric of my future happiness, and hence it is that I am compelled to attend to the instructions of those who suit my capacity to my object. Count Albert and Ap Gryff must not find me an inapt

pupil, and father Ursulo shall never have cause to regret those hours which he devoted to my instruction. Oh! I could remain in your presence, lady Florida, for ever; I want no attractive music to restrain me, for the harmony of your voice is sweeter to my ears than even the soul-inspiring strains of the harp of Ap Gryff. But I am a poor youth, lady, and I must attend to the voice of my duty rather than my inclination."

"Do not call me lady Florida," answered the innocent girl, returning the pressure of Ulric's hand; "I cannot bear that *you* should be so distant; and I do not like those instructions, which fill up so much of your time, and prevent you from staying with me longer and more frequently. Besides this hateful ambition would lead you into dangers, and you may be wounded, or perhaps,

slain; and ah! I am sure I should die broken hearted, if that was to be the case; because, you know, you saved my father's life, and it would be a sad blow to hear of your death. I can't bear the thought of it, Ulric, indeed I can't!"

"But Ap Gryff will be with me, and I shall not be in any more danger than him," returned Ulric, "and he also saved your father, and yourself and the castle from destruction; so that my service is much inferior in value to his. Besides, he taught you to play so divinely upon the harp, and to steal your noble father's sorrows from him even against his will. The loss of this valuable old man would be much greater than mine: you could never get another Ap Gryff to solace your leisure hours, but you might find another Ulric."

"No, never, Ulric," replied Flo-

rida, wiping the tears from her eyes; "Ap Gryff is an old man and cannot live long, but you who are so young and so ambitious, and so gallant; ah! the very thought of danger hovering round you harrows up my soul, and makes me sick with terror. Indeed, indeed, Ulric, you must not go into hazard, if you wish for Florida to live."

The entrance of Ap Gryff at this critical moment, interrupted a conversation which was growing so interesting to Ulric and the amiable Florida, and taking up the harp, the old bard began to play a new lay which he had just composed to stimulate the ardour of his pupil, and the penetrating strains soon succeeded in banishing every thought from the bosom of Ulric but the vivid prospects of martial fame. The influence of music, however, ceased with the touch of the

harper, and the recent conversation with Florida engrossed the whole soul of Ulric as he wandered round the foot of Mont Blanc, to pay a duteous visit to the monk of Chamouny. As he dwelt upon the image of the fascinating Florida, it seemed to glow with new beauties; she was every thing that the eye and the heart of mortal could wish. Her external accomplishments, great as they were, were excelled by the graces of her mind; and thrice happy should he esteem himself if he could call her his own. But there was a degree of presumption in the thought which he could not reconcile to his situation; Florida was not for such as him: she would convey happiness to some more favoured Swiss, whose elevated birth might entitle him to her notice. Yet, she seemed to regard him with no common complacency: she could not live

if danger befel him! Was it possible that she could look upon the lowly Ulric, a youth without fortune, almost without friends, whose only hope rested in his own exertions; who had no hereditary merit to recommend him—was it possible that she could behold him with affection? There was a happiness even in the possibility of such a circumstance which rendered the reflection unspeakably transporting; even if it should turn out ultimately to be a delusion. From this meditation his sanguine mind rushed forward into the most joyous anticipations, and he was so completely lost, that the priory of Chamouny stayed his progress before he considered whither he was tending, or what was his errand. Starting from his pleasing reverie he immediately began to call to mind the instructions of Ap Gryff, and the real prospects which extended

before him, and a few minutes sufficed to stir up the natural ardour of his disposition, and to render him fit to enter the presence of father Ursulo.

Some days had elapsed since Ulric had visited the Priory, and he was struck with dismay as he marked the gloom which overspread the countenance of the venerable porter, as he unclosed the massy gates to give admission to the youth. "For Heaven's sake, tell me what has occured to render you thus melancholy!" asked Ulric in an agitated voice. The silent porter replied by mournfully shaking his head, and Ulric, still more perplexed and alarmed, followed his steps with an emotion almost too great for him to bear. They drew near the chapel, when suddenly the sound of a requiem pealing from the solemn organ, and swelled by the voices of the monks, struck upon the ear of

Ulric, and caused him to pause to recover himself. Grasping his aged conductor by the arm, he eagerly enquired in a tremulous whisper, if any thing had occurred to Father Ursulo? The porter contented himself with returning a simple negative; but that reply sufficed to relieve the mind of Ulric of an intolerable burthen, for he had imagined that some dreadful accident had befallen his revered instructor, and that his criminal neglect to visit the priory had prevented him from once again beholding his benefactor. This fear, however, removed, he stepped forward with a firmer step and a lightened heart, until he reached the entrance of the chapel, where the sight of the monks bearing a bier to a vault caused him to stand and contemplate the awful ceremony. The body was at length deposited

in its grave; the requiem was concluded, and the mass was sung, when the train of monks returned in sorrowing guise, and Father Ursulo, as he passed the youth, pulled him by the sleeve and beckoned him to his cell.

"My dear Ulric" commenced the venerable man, "since your last visit, a fatal accident has befallen our prior. Three evenings since, a loud knocking at the gate alarmed us, just as we had ceased our midnight prayers. On the porter demanding who was there, a voice replied—"I bring a message to the prior which must be delivered immediately." Fearless of danger, the gate was ordered to be opened, and a stranger clad in a cloak which concealed his whole form, entered the priory and the gate inclosed him amongst us. He marked narrowly the passages through which

he was conducted, and on being shown to an apartment he excused himself from revealing his business until the following morning, as he had some papers to arrange to meet the eye of the prior. This mystery excited some astonishment but no alarm, and the prior himself, having dismissed us to our cells, conducted the stranger to his apartment. In the morning we had assembled for matins, when the absence of the prior rendered us somewhat uneasy, and at length I agreed to repair to his cell, and summon him to the performance of his sacred duties: he was not there, and my fears began to increase astonishingly. I returned to my brethren, but he was not arrived, and we determined, in a body, to proceed to the chamber of the stranger: we knocked at the door, but no answer was given; the summons was repeated, and still no sound was heard;

a third time I struck the door with greater violence, and the next moment a faint groan broke upon our ears, and, unable to restrain ourselves longer, we forced the door and beheld our worthy and revered prior stretched bleeding on the ground and writhing in the pangs of death. Astonishment almost deprived us of the power of motion, but I retained sufficient presence of mind to run to my cell, and procure some cordials, by the help of which we revived the dying martyr sufficiently to hear from his faultering tongue the causes of this sad catastrophe. When he had accompanied the stranger to his chamber, the latter threw off his cloak for the first time and discovered himself to be no other than the Austrian governor of Znrich. The affrighted prior would have escaped from the chamber, but the German, drawing his

sword and making fast the door, prevented the retreat of the pious man, and opened his base purpose. He had understood that the soldiers who had been sent to destroy the Count and the castle of Zur, had been swayed from their purpose by the strains of a harper who had been picked up on the way, and that the commander had expiated with his life the crime of having attempted to kill the bard. He was also aware that the report of these soldiers had made such an impression throughout the Austrian army that it would be imprudent to make a similar attempt a second time. He had therefore thought of a plan to make himself master of the person of the Count of Zur, by stratagem, and with this view he had set out from Zurich and reached the priory of Chamouny. The Austrian proposed to the prior to

invite the Count to the priory under pretence of seeking a conference on some particular subject, and, while there, to deliver him up to his enemies, and this act was to be rewarded by an advancement of the dignity of the prior, and augmentation of the privileges enjoyed by the brotherhood. The worthy man rejected the proposal with a becoming indignation, and sternly refused to betray his friend, and benefactor. New lures were held out, new bribes were offered; but the constancy of our prior was not to be shaken, he was not to be tempted to commit sin for the sake of any temporal advantage, and when the enemy beheld that he failed of his purpose, he drew his sword once more and plunged the merciless weapon into the bosom of the servant of Heaven. As soon as he had done this, he left his apartment,

and found his way to the gates, in which fortunately for his design, the trembling porter had left the keys on the preceding night. Thus every obstacle was removed, and the murderer of the unhappy prior escaped. In a few hours after we had gained all the particulars of this vile act from him, the pious man rendered up his soul to heaven, and left us mourning his loss, as children lament for the departure of a parent whom kindness and long habit had rendered inexpressibly dear to them; and I have been since chosen to fill the office which he so ably filled during twenty years."

"Would that I had been here, father, he should not have died unrevenged!" exclaimed Ulric, in a tone which betrayed his emotion and agitation—"But we shall perhaps meet hereafter, and if so, let the

Austrian dastard tremble, for I will obtain vengeance for the base murder of the prior of Chamouny. My blood boils with indignation at the cowardliness and sacrilege of the action, and had I a sword even now, I would penetrate to his chamber and strike retribution to his heart!"

"Thy anger is natural, and thy impetuosity excusable, my son!" answered the prior—"but I rejoice that thou wert not here, for it ill becomes the seat of religious sanctity to be made the witness of contention, and the depositary of blood. Heaven in its due time will punish the murderer, without the intervention of mortal aid, or it may make use of a human instrument to execute its will. This unforeseen and mournful event has plunged us into deep distress, and we shall not soon forget the stroke which has so severely wounded us.

I have been a soldier, and I have fought in many battles, and seen much blood shed in the field, and my hand never trembled, nor my heart failed, to do their duty. I have quitted those scenes, disgusted with the barbarity and wickedness which I have witnessed, my sword I have exchanged for the crucifix, and my dress of mail for the garb of piety; but the weapon which accompanied me in all my dangers, I still possess, and when thou, my son, shalt enter into the field against the oppressors of thy country; I will entrust it to thee: thou wilt not disgrace it, by drawing it in an unholy cause. But I am impatient to hear of thy progress under the tuition of the British bard; for I doubt not that he will exert himself to make thee such as I would wish to behold thee. Helvetia groans beneath the weight of

oppression; our prayers are daily offered to Heaven for her emancipation, but other means must be resorted to before the day of her freedom shall dawn; and I trust that thou, Ulric, wilt have to bear a conspicuous part in effecting the liberation, and establishing the independence of thy dear native land!"

"Revered father!" returned Ulric, transported with the goodness of the prior; "most joyfully shall I receive from your hand the valued sword which has been the instrument and the witness of your exploits; and, if any thing could stimulate me beyond the desire of saving my country, it would be the reflection that I wielded your present, and your former companion. The harp of Ap Gryff has raised within me an unconquerable desire to distinguish myself against the enemies and oppressors of Switzerland,

and I pant for the dawn of that morning which shall behold my first exertions in the cause of liberty. But alas, father; I have discovered that I—I know not how to tell my weakness, even to you; but it is my duty to seek your advice, and I will even proceed, though you may despise me. I have seen Lady Florida, the beautiful daughter of the Count, and alas! I fear that I love her; for I feel so unhappy out of her presence, that I scarcely think existence desirable; and whenever this disposition comes on me, I am no longer the ambitious Ulric, but a careless, spiritless coward. This very day, she begged me so much not to expose myself to danger, and declared so fervently and with tears in her eyes that she could not survive if I should be slain in battle, that she almost made me less than a man, and awakened fears

in my bosom which had never existed there before. Give me your advice, father, how to proceed; and believe me, I will be guided in all things by yourself.

Father Ursulo was plunged into a deep train of thoughts by this unexpected confession; yet he felt no anger against Ulric, for the case was natural. He well knew that Florida was most beautiful and most amiable, and he could not wonder that such rare and inestimable qualities should make a due impression on the ardent and youthful heart of Ulric. But he was at a loss how to advise; from Ulric's account it appeared very probable that Florida was by no means indifferent to his worth; but the Count, although a man of benevolence and virtue, was strict in his notions of hereditary honour, and would be the last to consent to the union of

his daughter with a youth of no property, no prospects, no title. It would, therefore, be most advisable, to impress this insurmountable difficulty on the mind of Ulric, and to dissuade him from continuing to indulge in hopes which time must inevitably destroy. He would have rejoiced to promote the youth's suit, if success had been probable, but it would be wrong to excite an expectation which must be founded on impossibility, and which might have the effect of making him forget his lowly situation, and becoming inflated, and proud, instead of humble and docile as at present. When father Ursulo had thus made up his mind he returned, "My dear Ulric, I cannot censure you for being susceptible of the worth of the amiable Florida, but you must not suffer your romantic imagination to make you forget the great difference

which exists between her situation and yours. Her father will never consent to an union under such unequal circumstances, and you must exert yourself manfully to repress your passion, until you shall, by your bravery, have proved yourself in some degree worthy of the distinguished honour which you seek. When you shall have rendered your name immortal — when you shall have carved out your passage to fame; then you may cherish the probable hope that your suit may meet with the approbation of the Count, but, until then, let the sense of your situation tie your tongue, and whatever may be the state of your feelings, let no visible agitation betray it to the watchful eye of the father of Florida. Such a discovery would be fatal to your hopes, your prospects and your future fame; it would turn friendship into hate,

and induce him who now looks upon you as his preserver, to regard you in a very different light, as one who seeks to contaminate his noble name and illustrious blood, by a presumptuous contract: and he will then consequently withdraw his protection and favour from you for ever."

"Father!" replied the agitated Ulric, vainly endeavouring to assume a composure of aspect, and steadiness of voice which might induce the prior to believe that he acquiesced in the decision without a struggle—"I see the force of your reasoning, and henceforth Florida shall be considered by me in no other light than a dear friend: the time may come, perhaps, when I may presume to talk of love, but, alas! there is little hope for me, for many noble suitors will spring up in the interval to bear away the inestimable prize. I must be content,

however, with my lot, and pursue another object, the smiles of Fame: but I wish I had never seen Florida."

The sigh which involuntarily burst from his bosom as he uttered this wish, proved that his feelings were very acute, and as father Ursulo wished not to increase, but rather to diminish his sufferings, he turned the subject to martial deeds, told him of his connections in days of yore, and reminded him of the magnitude of the stake for which he was about to contend; thus gradually weaning his mind from the contemplation of the image of Florida, to a theme, which never failed to inspire his youthful soul with admiration. By degrees he became animated with the picture which the prior sketched out to him, he caught a portion of his tutor's fire; and, before he quitted the priory, he had

wound up his resolution to think no more of Florida as a lover to the highest, and had fortified his heart so strongly as he supposed, against any future attacks of the defeated passion, as to render it impregnable.

CHAPTER II.

In this state of mind Ulric arrived at the Castle of Zur; and immediately sought the apartment of Ap Gryff, determined, if possible to avoid being alone with Florida, or even meeting her, for he had found his spirits strangely affected when he found himself once more under the same roof with her who had gained such hold upon his affections. Here in the conversation of the British bard he found his resolutions revived, and renewed his determination to think no more of Florida. Yet this was a task of more difficulty, as he now discovered, than he had previously ima-

gined; for the more he laboured to banish her from his thoughts, the more she obtruded herself there; in the midst of his ambitious anticipations, Florida's image would suddenly intercept the flights of his imagination, and, at once end his reveries, at least for the moment. How to remedy this, he knew not; but as father Ursulo had told him that he must not hope for success in his suit, nothing remained for him but to persevere in his resolution, and to accelerate, by every effort in his power, the hour of his departure from a scene which was fraught with so much danger to him, and where habits of indolence were growing upon him, which might, if longer indulged in, be productive of evil consequences. In this agitated state of mind, the youth continued during the day, which was the first he had passed without accom-

panying Florida in her evening walk. This thought gave him much uneasiness for a time, but he at length banished the impression by endeavouring to convince himself that in thus acting, he was performing a duty which he owed to himself, to Florida, the Count and father Ursulo. The following morning he was to accompany the Count on a chamois-chase, and this would enable him to be absent during the day from Florida, without any appearance of neglect, and thus his new resolutions would have time to acquire fresh strength."

The morning dawned, and Ulric was up with the sun, which shed an unusual lustre over the surrounding scenery. In the court-yard of the castle were assembled those of the domestics who had assembled to accompany their lord in the chase, and Ulric, as he mounted his horse, cast

an involuntary look upwards towards the chamber of Florida, when his eyes were appalled by the appearance of the beautiful maid herself. This was the first trial of the strength of his resolution; and as he beheld her leaning pensively on her hand and apparently drowned in tears, he felt all his affection reviving in his bosom. She shook her head mournfully as her eyes met those of Ulric; the agitated youth endeavoured to assume a gaiety of countenance which was foreign to the state of his heart, and gaily kissing his hand and bowing to her, rode out of the yard. Oftentimes, however, did he cast a "lingering look behind," and as often did he behold that object which now as entirely engrossed his thoughts, as it had before the late conversation with father Ursulo had prompted him to make attempts to forget her. A few minutes sufficed to

bear him out of sight of the windows of Florida's apartment, and he began to recover his serenity apace, aided by the sublime beauty of the mountain scenery which ascended magnificently above and around him. The party pushed forward with as much speed as possible, until they had gained the lowest ridge of the Alpine chain before them. Cottages suspended as it were from the air, or hung on the projecting cliffs of the mountains, and flocks feeding on verdant declivities where it was scarcely credible that the husbandman's toil could find a hold, were well suited to banish sorrowful impressions from the mind, and to substitute those of the most opposite nature and description. Ulric gazed with new wonder on a scene which habit had rendered familiar to him: he saw new sources of astonishment as he contemplated the landscape

more closely; and, by degrees, the prospect before him and the emotions which it gave birth to, completely absorbed the recollection of Florida. For several hours they continued to mount the acclivities, until at length the chamois appeared in sight grazing upon a pasturage naturally fortified against the attacks of those who possessed not more than common daring. It was not possible for the horses of the hunters to approach the spot, and Ulric dismounting, fearless of danger, struck his spear into the glacier which was before him, and at a single and amazing bound, cleared the yawning precipice which divided him from the fields which contained the game of which they were in pursuit. The Count and his attendants gazed with astonishment at the agility and courage displayed by the youth, but none of them dared to follow him; until,

at length, the Count himself, ashamed of the backwardness of his domestics, with a violent effort, succeeded in clearing the gulph, and his train, afraid to discover any further reluctance, speedily followed the example of their master. The pursuit of the game now commenced with fresh vigour, and, from cliff to cliff the hunters, led by the undaunted Ulric, bounded with increasing agility, until at length, the gallant youth, in resolutely attempting to clear a precipice of unusual width, missed his object, and would have been precipitated into the yawning and bottomless chasm, had he not fortunately seized upon a jutting rock which overhung the gulph, and remained there suspended in an awful uncertainty. His terrified companions scarcely knew what steps to adopt to rescue their leader, until at length a noose which

was thrown towards him, was caught by Ulric, and by this means, at the most imminent peril, he was drawn from his dangerous situation: but he had received a deep wound upon his head which had been struck by a stone, and a second severe contusion elicited a considerable stream of blood from his side. Wearied and weakened, the lacerated youth lapsed into a state of insensibility as soon as he was brought to the surface, and was borne in the arms of the attendants, after the Count had staunched the blood which flowed from the wounds, by a circuitous route, down the mountain. His pallid appearance and continued insensibility rouzed the most painful apprehensions in the bosom of the Count, who began to fear that the wounds might prove mortal. After some hours journey, the castle walls gladdened the sight of the party, just

as the declining day began to abridge the surrounding landscape; and in a short time, they entered into the castle yard. Florida was again at her window, looking with painful anxiety for the return of the hunters; but no sooner did she perceive by the slow movements of the party, which was dismounted, that some misfortune had happened, than she began to give way to the most poignant fears. Perhaps her father was killed! This apprehension, however, was but momentary, for it was instantly dispelled by the appearance of her sire riding before the procession to the gate of the castle; but in vain did her aching eyes strain themselves in search of Ulric: he was usually by the side of her father, but he was now no where to be seen. Surely he was not slain? The idea, although it required confirmation, was too much for her to sup-

port, and she staggered backwards to a seat, where she sat, panting for breath, and a prey to the most dreadful anguish, fearing and expecting every moment to receive a corroborationof her fears. In a few moments, the door of her apartment flew open, and the Count appeared, with a countenance overspread with the deepest sorrow. Florida fixed her beamless eyes upon her father, who was staggered by the evident horror which was pourtrayed in them; and eagerly advancing to the sinking fair one, he enquired, in a tone of affectionate anxiety, if she also was ill? Inattentive to his question, Florida, whose soul was filled with the image of the expiring Ulric, endeavoured to summon resolution and power to put a question to her father respecting him, but her quivering lips twice refused to give utterance to her feelings, until at

length, by a violent effort, she was enabled to exclaim almost inarticulately.—' Tell me, father, what has happened ? "Where is Ulric ?" The sorrowful Count, mournfully shaking his head, returned—" Alas! my daughter his impetuous courage, I fear, has cost him his life ! In leaping over a dreadful chasm, he fell and has received such wounds as I fear will prove mortal. I came to seek you for the purpose of assisting to bind up his wounds."

Florida had heard but the commencement of her father's answer; when the sudden confirmation she thus received of her worst fears was insupportable, and she closed her eyes in insensibility. The alarmed Count called for assistance, and in a short time, Florida re-opened her eyes, and perceiving her father still standing before her, in all the appearance of

sorrow, she exclaimed—"then Ulric is indeed dead! lead me to him, that I may stretch myself by his side and die to!" "He is not dead!" replied the astonished Count: who now for the first time perceived the nature of his daughter's attachment; "and with care, there is a possibility of his recovery!" "Is there hope then?" returned the agitated maid, rushing from those who still surrounded her—"where is he then, that I may assist in recovering him who saved my father:" Without waiting for a reply she ran down the staircase, and met the party who bore the still lifeless form of Ulric, just as they entered the hall of the castle. No sooner did she perceive that the object of her solicitude was insensible and covered with his own blood, than a sudden sickness came over her, and she would once again have fainted but for the in-

tervention of the Count, who had closely followed her and who now supported her. One of the domestics had called at the Priory of Chamouny, to inform Father Usurlo, of the melancholy event, and to request his attendance to bind up the wounds. Had the summons been from a stranger, the benevolent prior would not have hesitated to comply with it; but when he heard that it was Ulric who required his assistance, with an agitated countenance, and an emotion which he had not felt since he had been secluded from the world, he gathered up a few requisite herbs and other materials, and hastened to the Castle of Zur, where he arrived at this critical moment, and beheld the agitation of Florida. Assuming as much composure as he could command, the humane prior proceeded to examine the wounds of the youth, who now,

arouzed by the pain of the operation, for the first time opened his eyes, and beheld Florida bending over him with an appearance of affectionate concern which conveyed a balm of the first efficacy to his heart. Laying his finger on his lips, to command the youth to silence, the prior proceeded to bind up the wounds, and which he pronounced to be deep and dangerous, but he hoped they were not beyond the reach of remedy.

On the third day after this accident, the wounds of Ulric began to assume a more favourable appearance, and the father who attended him with the utmost assiduity and affection, pronounced the danger less imminent than before; but still he was prohibited from speaking. To the solicitous Florida this news was inexpressibly cheering: during the day, she was a constant attendant by the side

of the youth, she would smooth his pillow, and prepare his food; she would gaze upon him for hours with a look of inexpressible affection, which he could only recompence by a similar glance, and the soft pressure to his lips of the hand which she would permit him to retain. The bard, too, who had been deeply affected by the first tidings of the accident which had befallen his pupil, beheld the progress of hope with the most joyous emotions, and again suffered himself to indulge in those anticipations which, he had feared, had received a fatal interruption from the unhappy catastrophe which had befallen the youth. The Count too felt the influence of joy in the prospect of the recovery of Ulric, whose intrepidity had won the soul of the old man, and had confirmed him in the hope that the youth would one day achieve deeds of glorious import-

ance to his country. The discovery of the affection of Florida for the youth, had, however, somewhat allayed his pleasure, and he began to fear that the favor and patronage which he had shewn to him had been repaid by attempts to win the love of his daughter. It was true it might be nothing more than a youthful passion, which would destroy itself; but it was his duty to keep a vigilant eye over them, and to prevent any future ill consequences from the increase of the presumptuous passion of Ulric; if indeed he had dared to entertain such for Florida. He could never consent to wed his daughter, the hope and pride of his house, to an obscure youth, whatever might be his personal attractions, unless he had achieved some acts which might act as a set off to his natural meanness. If he should discover that a mutual passion was

cherished between them, he determined no longer to keep Ulric in the castle, but to expedite his departure to the mountain band, that he might thus be freed from every apprehension which would result from his remaining near him, and where he could never find opportunities of keeping up an intercourse with Florida. These reflections were injurious to Ulric; they tended to make the Count more careless of his well doing, and less apprehensive respecting his danger; for the noble host considered that any attempt on the part of the youth to win the love of Florida, ought to expunge from his mind the remembrance of the benefit he had received from the youth, and to convert his friendship and support into hatred and neglect.

Before many days had elapsed, the wounds of Ulric had so much improved in appearance, and the fear of

danger had so entirely vanished, that the interdict which had been previously imposed upon him was removed, and he was allowed to hold conversation with the affectionate Florida, whose daily visits had hitherto received no interruption from her father. From this moment the intercourse became more reciprocally interesting, and Florida was so extravagant in her expressions of concern for the untoward accident which had happened to Ulric, and of her joy at his progressive recovery, that he could no longer entertain a doubt of her love for him; and one morning in the excess of his feelings, he made a declaration of his passion, and intreated the amiable girl to smile approbation upon it. The blushing Florida withdrew not the hand which he had taken when he presumed to commence this declaration; she affected not a sur-

prise and concern which she did not feel; but, on the contrary, with an ingenuousness which is the inseparable companion of innocence, she smiled with ecstacy as he proceeded, and suffering him to press her hand to his lips as he concluded, replied—"Ulric, I love you, and why should I pretend to restrain expressions which give me so much, and sincere pleasure?" This confession completed the happiness of the youth, who was warm in his gratitude, and vowed that no change of time, place or circumstances, should ever induce him to change in his affection; the vow was responded by Florida, who added that she would prefer poverty with him, to wealth and honor with any other husband. In the midst of this interesting scene, Father Ursulo entered the room to examine the state of his patient, and if ever his appearance was considered

an intrusion by Ulric, it was at this moment. The venerable Prior was not a little surprised when he perceived the hand of Florida locked in that of the youth, and marked the uncommon smile of happiness which pervaded the countenances of both. He had some suspicions of the cause of this appearance of affection, and casting an enquiring look upon Ulric, their eyes met each other, and the blush which instantly suffused with its crimson influence the cheek of the latter, confirmed the suspicions of the worthy monk, who assuming a degree of anger in his countenance, which he did not feel, shook his head in a reprehensive manner at the youth, who unable to endure such an unusual mark of displeasure, extended the hand of Florida towards him and placing it in his own—exclaimed—" reverend father, I have indeed forgotten

your instructions, but let this fair advocate plead my cause!" And Ulric proceeded then to confess what had recently taken place, and concluded with once more intreating forgiveness, a request in which Florida joined, as well as in requesting that he would take upon himself to ask the Count to give his approbation to the union of the lovers.

The worthy old man was unable to withstand the intreaties of his two suppliants; but he considered it his duty before-hand to prepare them for a refusal on the part of the Count, for he laid before them the reasons which would operate in his mind to obstruct their wishes, and desired them to make up their minds how to act in case their suit should be discouraged by the Count. Florida endeavoured to combat the arguments of the Prior, and attempted to convince him that

the Count was too kind a father to withhold his consent to a measure which would insure her happiness, and without the adoption of which she must be miserable. The monk smiled at the earnestness which she displayed in the cause, and replied that he should be happy to find himself deceived, but he feared that he knew too well the character and disposition of her father to permit him to indulge them in such expectations. He promised however to exert himself to the utmost, and requested them in the event of an unsuccessful issue of his application, to place the same to the account of the Count's inflexibility, rather than to his want of zeal in the cause. As he said this, he withdrew, after promising to let them know if possible, on the following day, the result of his application.

The interval was spent by the lovers,

in hopes and fears: and Ulric endeavoured to prevail upon Florida to consent to become his in private, if the Count refused to sanction a public union, that thus, while he was engaged in fighting the battles of his country, he should be enabled to enjoy the pleasing assurance that she could not be forced to give that hand to another, which had been already pledged at the altar. Florida's heart attached as it was to Ulric, recoiled at the thought of a clandestine marriage; but her refusal was so assailed by the arguments of the youth, and the irresistible eloquence of love, that it became gradually weaker and weaker, and she at length gave a reluctant consent to unite her fate with his, on the evening prior to his departure from the castle, if her father should disregard her wishes so much as to give his denial to her hopes in

this respect. The transported Ulric was intoxicated with delight at the success which had thus crowned his wishes and his efforts, and the affectionate couple began to anticipate those delights which would accrue to them from an union with each other, when they should be enabled to throw off the appearance of mystery, and to appear in the character, which appeared to them so enviable.

The Count had this day heard for the first time of the death of the prior of Chamouny and of the visit of the Austrian governor to the priory ; and he felt his alarm somewhat excited lest an attempt should again be made to force his castle and to effect the object of the vengeance of his enemy, who, he was convinced, from his general character and disposition, would never rest satisfied until he had obtained it Under this impression

he collected his tenants and domestics who numbered in the whole about four hundred, and ordered them to remain in his castle nightly, armed and prepared to resist any attack which Austrian treachery might devise and execute. Previous to this time, after the termination of the last project, by the intervention of Ap Gryff, some considerable additions had been made to the strength of the castle, but this force was now still further augmented, and every precaution was adopted to defeat any sudden attempt of the enemy. The arms were taken out of the armory, and were repaired and fitted for use; centinels were placed on every part of the ramparts, the gate was rendered more strong, by iron casings of considerable thickness, and thus the security of the castle was rendered much less precarious. It was in the

infancy of these proceedings that Father Ursulo requested an audience of the Count, and ventured to introduce the subject of the mutual passion which fired the bosoms of Florida and Ulric, and to soliçit his sanction to the suit of the youth which was founded in the purest affection. The worthy prior also added that Florida herself had declared that her happiness hung upon the consent of the Count to this measure, and endeavoured to enforce the wishes of his young friends, by every argument which he could adduce. For some time the Count was unable to master his feelings sufficiently to reply to the prior; at length, however, he began to inveigh bitterly against the ingratitude of Ulric in thus presuming to form designs upon the affections of his daughter, and his domestic happiness, in return for the kindness with

which he had been uniformly treated since his residence in the castle; but he expressed his determination to cut short his hopes in their bud, and to expedite his departure to the army with all possible speed The prior again ventured to defend his young pupil from the charge which the Count had brought against him, and went into an account of Ulric's conversation with him on the subject, but the day before the accident occurred to him which had since disabled him from prosecuting any criminal designs, and he succeeded in convincing the Count that no blame could attach to the youth, who would hereafter, if the Count persevered in his present resolution, have cause perhaps to repent that he had interfered to save the life of his host, since the circumstance had been the first cause of that misery which

he must endure from the recollection of his rejected suit. The prior did not advocate the propriety of an immediate union, but he wished that when Ulric had rendered himself deserving of such a distinguished favor, he should be allowed to cherish the hope that his suit would be taken into consideration. The reasonableness of this proposal induced the Count to waver in his determination, and to ponder upon the consequences which would result from such an alliance. If Ulric should hereafter achieve a great name, if he should be crowned with success in his efforts for the liberation of Switzerland; in that case, there could be no disgrace in receiving him as his son; and he determined to place it upon this condition. The gratified prior, accordingly, was made acquainted with this proposition, and received authority to

communicate it to the lovers, for which purpose he left the presence of the Count, and instantly repaired to the chamber of Ulric, who was still attended by the affectionate Florida, and was engaged in depicting the pleasures which would arise from their union. The smiling countenance and the quick return of the prior convinced them that if he had already seen the Count, he had not received the refusal which he had anticipated with so much confidence; and this conviction gave Ulric spirits and resolution to inquire if he had yet seen the Count? The prior answered in the affirmative, and began to relate the particulars of the interview which had taken place to his attentive hearers, who betrayed various agitations as he proceeded, until when he stated the conditions upon which the Count allowed the youth to address his daughter, the

happy couple could no longer refrain from expressing their gratitude to father Ursulo for his successful interference on their behalf. The prior, however, contented himself with giving them a few words of advice as to their future conduct, and with desiring Ulric not to neglect his preparations or abate his zeal for those pursuits, without a perseverance in which he could not yet hope to obtain the distinction which was conditionally placed within his reach.

The impetuosity of Ulric again frequently displayed itself in soliciting Florida to consent to a private union; but the amiable girl repelled his endeavours with a firmness and affection combined, which effectually triumphed over his eagerness, and gave her a still greater influence in his heart. The way to an union was pointed out by the Count, and in a subsequent con-

versation with his daughter and the youth, he had confirmed what he had previously stated to father Ursulo, and which his reflection had afterwards induced him still more closely to adhere to, it was a sort of a test which would try the affection of Ulric, it was a kind of pledge for his future greatness, since if he deemed the object offered to him worth his seeking after, he would rush forward to those achievements which should place him high on the list of Helvetic heroes. This conviction he imparted to Florida who, while she trembled as her imagination dwelt upon the dangers he would have to encounter, secretly rejoiced that he would have an opportunity of convincing her father of the sincerity of the affection which inspired him; and of proving that true nobility was not derivable from birth, but from personal merit; and

that the lowest peasant who possesses the feelings, and disposition of huma-nity, may have a clearer right and title to distinction, than many who wear the glittering appendages of he-reditary honours on a breast which conceals a heart of baseness and without a single virtue.

Ulric had now so far recovered from his wounds as to be enabled to walk abroad as usual, although his wasted strength was scarcely yet perfectly re-paired, when one morning, as he leaned on the arm of Florida, and walked to a short distance from the castle, the sight of a horseman ad-vancing at full speed from the path which wound down the mountain ex-cited some little curiosity, not altoge-ther unmixed with alarm, in the breasts of the lovers. He might be an enemy, or might bring tidings of the approach of one, and this thought

induced Ulric to hasten, on his return, to the Count, who was already engaged in deep conversation with the stranger, when the youth entered the room. On seeing that the Count was communicating with the messenger, Ulric was about to withdraw, but was immediately recalled by his patron, who exclaimed, "Ulric, this messenger is from the mountain-band, and the news which he brings is important. Their numbers are augmented to eight thousand, and they are in daily expectation of an attack, for their bold excursions have excited the vigilance of the Austrians, whose soldiers are prowling about the defiles and recesses of the mountain. The time is near at hand when you must emerge into action, and fulfil those hopes and expectations which we repose in you. You must now prepare to quit the castle; and the third even-

ing from this, when the day has so far declined as to render your journey secure from interruption, you shall depart with Ap Gryff, who has extorted from me permission to accompany you, and may success attend your efforts. Your first career will be under the controul and observation of a vigilant soldier, who commands the army, and who will give you an opportunity to distinguish yourself. He will reward your bravery according to its merits; and, I have no doubt, you will merit his warmest approbation. Now you will retire and impart this intelligence to Ap Gryff, and, at the time appointed, let me find you prepared to depart."

Ap Gryff received the communication of Ulric with a satisfaction which rendered abortive every effort to conceal it. "Now then (said he) we shall have an opportunity to signalize

ourselves in a just cause, in defence of those rights which were the gift of Heaven, and which man cannot attempt to infringe, without being guilty of rebellion against Him who gave them. I shall soon be prepared: my sword and my harp are my weapons of contention; but my arm is grown weak with age, and it is from the soul-inspiring strains of this instrument, which has oftentimes stimulated to action, that I expect most benefit." Saying this, he seized his instrument, and sweeping the strings with masterly rapidity, produced a martial air, which fired the enthusiastic ardour of Ulric, and made him sigh for the moment when he might unsheath the sword of Father Ursulo against the invaders of his country's liberties. Ap Gryff beheld the fire of enthusiasm beaming in the eye of his young pupil, and he resolved to

spare no opportunity of exciting a fixed and permanent ardour in his breast, which should be productive of much more good than a momentary enthusiasm; and on which alone he could rely for the execution of those deeds which should give fame to the name of Ulric. He had been informed of the nature of the affection between the youth and Florida, and of the conditions on which the Count had promised the hand of his daughter, and he determined to spare no exertions, to render the courage of Ulric so rooted and unconquerable that he should overcome every obstacle and gain the object of his affections. As soon therefore as he had excited a degree of enthusiasm in the bosom of Ulric, he began to recite the deeds of those heroes who had contended so long and so bravely, although with such little success, for the li-

berties of Cambria, and he pointed out the difference between the impetuosity of enthusiasm which lasted but for a moment, and uniformly spent itself before it could produce the effects it wished; and that cool and rational intrepidity which insured victory to its efforts, and which never failed its possessor in the hour of extremity. He intreated Ulric to curb his natural haste, and to substitute in its place that resolute bravery, which ever preserved an equal temper and appearance, and which was the constant source of noble actions; by the continual exercise of which his name would be inexpressibly terrible to his enemies, and which would establish his character as a commander and a hero on a foundation which could never be shaken by the strongest attacks of hostility, or the bitterest blast of adverse fortune. Ulric

thankfully received these lessons, and promised to shape his conduct according to the wishes of his instructor, and having made this engagement, he departed to find Florida, and inform her of the news which had transpired.

To the affectionate and timorous maid, the idea of Ulric's early departure was inexpressibly painful: she began to imagine all the dangers to which he would be exposed in his new pursuits, and her terrors so completely got the better of her reason, that she was in danger of fainting when Ulric spoke of his departure, until he had somewhat reassured her by laying before the impossibility of their union taking place, until he proved himself worthy of her father's confidence and her affection. He intreated her to remember that the earlier he entered upon his new duties

the sooner should he be enabled to come forward and claim her in pursuance of her father's promise; and the idea tended to encourage and restore the agitated maiden, and to make her look forward to futurity with more hope and confidence than she could command under the first shock occasioned by the news of his departure. From the castle Ulric drew his Florida to the foot of the mountain, which was finely gilded by the reflected rays of the declining sun. "It is but for a short time longer, my Florida," said Ulric, "that I shall be able to enjoy your company at this period; but during my absence you will be able to trace the paths which we have trod together;yet be not too rash in your excursions for when the rage of war extends through the country, it will be peculiarly unsafe for you to venture out alone,

lest you should fall into danger which you cannot foresee. Be careful of yourself, my love, and remember you are a soldier's betrothed bride."

"I shall retort the caution upon you, my Ulric," returned Florida, "be careful that you run not into unnecessary danger, but remember that you are the betrothed husband of a timorous maid, whose spirit would fly from earth, if but a rumour reached her that any harm had befallen you. Would that this pursuit of yours were divested of its dangers, for then I should have no fears about your safety; but when the arrows of death fly arround you, who knows but one may pierce that heart which is mine? Who can tell but some relentless spear, envious of our anticipated happiness may penetrate and tear that bosom which

heaves for me? Oh! the idea of such a fate weighs heavily on my spirits, and is the cause of much and deep uneasiness to me! How sincerely shall I long and pray for the arrival of that day which will restore you to me, and will end the necessity of further separation!"

"Shake off your fears, my angel," returned Ulric, "our cause is the cause of justice: we fight not to gain new empire; we contend not to inflict oppressions on our fellow creatures; our object is not gain, nor are our motives impure. Heaven will fight for us in the day of battle; and every dart which wings its course with effect will be allowed to penetrate no heart but that which it is commissioned to strike. I shall return again, my Florida; I feel that I shall return, and that with triumph! I shall come to claim my

bride, and to taste of that happiness which I shall have won!"

"I pray Heaven it may be so!" responded Florida, with a sigh, as they wound up the first acclivity which lifted its head above the priory of Chamouny—"but my fears are strictly natural, and are to be attributed to excess of affection, which induces me to magnify those dangers which do exist, and fancy others which have no reality. I will, however, endeavour to shake off my apprehensions, and to look forward, and with confidence, to the time when you will return to bless your poor, expecting Florida."

Ulric was about to reply, when on a sudden, melodious strains floated on the evening breeze, and riveted the lovers to the spot. Never had such celestial harmonies invaded their ears before; never had they heard music

so transporting. It seemed to flow from the ridge which overhung them, and now it swelled divinely on the zephyr, now it died in sweet cadences on the ear, and now with more than mortal energy, it penetrated the bosom of Ulric and his Florida. "Let us seek the spot, my love," said Ulric, re-animating his trembling companion with a pressure of her hand: "such music flows not from an enemy." Saying this he led the unresisting Florida up the path which tended to the summit of the eminence whence the sounds proceeded. On a sudden the melody ceased, and nothing but shepherd's pipes broke on the stillness of the evening: the lovers continued to ascend, and to investigate every part of the eminence, but no figure met their view, and a superstitious awe crept over the minds of the wanderers. "What could it be?"

asked Florida, in a voice of apprehension. At this instant, the strains once more filled their ears, and caused them to start from the spot where they stood. The sound proceeded from some part of the hill which was near them: and a sudden angle in the path discovered to them a tall figure, with his back towards them, seated on the ridge of the mountain: his head was uncovered, and his hoary locks floated in the wind: his mantle sported also on the gale; and he swept a harp before him with a sweetness and energy which convinced Florida that the musician was not a tenant of this world. For some moments, they paused with an involuntary awe, and listened to the energetic strains which flowed from beneath the touch of the harper. On a sudden, the performer again stayed his hand, and rising abruptly from his seat, slung his harp over his

shoulder. At this instant, the trembling Florida overcome with terror, shrieked out—" Save me my Ulric !" and fell into his arms, and immediately the figure turned round, and the agitated youth beheld in the mysterious harper, not an aerial inhabitant of the celestial spheres, but Ap Gryff himself, who had strayed hither to indulge in meditation, and with the melodious tones of his instrument to charm the silver moon which had just risen to illuminate the dusky scene.

The restoration of Florida was matter of little difficulty, and the blush of shame suffused her cheeks when she perceived that the cause of her terrors was no other than Ap Gryff himself. Finding himself alone, and inspired by the sublime solemnity of the scene, the bard had exerted himself with unusual energy and had

produced tones of sweetness even surpassing those which had so often charmed the ears of Ulric and Florida in the castle, and this circumstance, with the romantic appearance of the musician, as he sat upon the extreme brow of the hill, conspired to impress the unsuspicious wanderers with an idea that the figure which they beheld, was not of mortal origin. Now, however, their fears being removed, the whole trio set forward on their return to the castle, and in less than an hour they approached the gate, whence, at the moment they entered, issued forth the messenger who had arrived in the course of the day, and had brought the intelligence which was the cause of Ulric's departure. "God speed you, gallant stranger!" exclaimed Ulric, bowing, as the horseman approached him; "we shall be with you anon; and,

by heaven's assisstance, we will reap for ourselves and our country a plentiful harvest of glory. Three nights shall not have passed before we shall have reached your retreat, anxious to prove our sincerity in your cause, and the unconquerable ardour which impels us to unite under the banners of your chief."

"Happy shall we be to hail your arrival, gallant youth; and that of your experienced companion!" returned the stranger, replying gracefully to the youth's salutation—"and joyous will be the hour when we shall level the German eagles with the dust. On the third night we shall expect you: the caverns which stretch to the right above the fifth ridge of mountains are our abodes, until we can obtain more commodious habitations: more secure we cannot possess. I have sufficient proof of your since-

rity and your ardour; and I shall put you to the test with a confidence as to the result. Well will you handle the sickle of war, and our enemies shall bow their conquered heads beneath the vigor and perseverance of your strokes. But I delay; farewel, strangers: I have yet four hours' ride before I can gain the caverns, and the night will be far spent, before I can reach them."

"Farewel!" responded Ulric and Ap Gryff, and in a few moments the gates closed upon the scene, and the wanderers entered the castle, where they were met by the Count, who replied to the inquiry of Ulric, that the stranger whom he saw in conversation with him in the morning, and who had just departed from the castle, was the captain of the mountain band—"and a man (continued he) of undaunted bravery he is; and one

in whose hands the liberation of Switzerland may be entrusted with confidence. In thirteen years he has signalized himself, wherever he could gain an opportunity, and his name is the subject of terror to all his enemies. This is the man whom I have selected to introduce you into the bustle of contention, and I know you will find the way to his favor. He already feels himself much interested by your appearance." Ulric made a suitable reply, expressive of his gratitude for such a mark of his good will: and he trusted his future conduct would be such as to justify the predilection he had formed for him. The Count expressed his confidence that he would so behave on all occasions as to advance his own respectability, and build the fabric of his own fortune and fame: for here (said he, pointing to his daughter) is the

forfeit of any misconduct, and, if I mistake not, you consider it of such value that you will not readily incur its loss." "I return to claim her, or I return no more!" exclaimed Ulric in a tone of unusual animation, which called the blush upon the cheek, and the tear into the eye of Florida; and excited a cheering smile of approbation on the countenances of the Count and the venerable Ap Gryff. During this evening, the Count appeared to relax from his usual reserve, and entered into conversation on the events of the future, with a cheerfulness and animation which gratified his daughter and his guests, and rendered the evening much more agreeable than any which had preceded it since the arrival of Ulric in the castle. "You will find all the mountaineers bold and gallant fellows, ready to adventure on any service, however

full of danger, and the last to flinch in the day of trial. At least these were the sort of men which I sent thither, and I trust the reinforcements which they have so successfully exerted themselves to obtain, are of the same complection. I would rather that they should avoid a general engagement as long as possible, and content themselves with issuing from the concealment, and laying in supplies of provisions, fuel and other necessary articles, in case of necessity: unless they consider themselvs sufficiently powerful to venture abroad and stand a conflict with the enemy." Ulric and Ap Gryff promised to convey his sentiments to the mountain band, and before they separated for the night, the Count drew a ring from his finger, and placed it on the hand of Ulric, accompanying it with a hope that he would never suffer it to

be taken from him, nor part with it until he returned to claim his affianced bride. The transported youth fell on one knee, and pressing the hand of the Count to his lips, uttered a vow that he would sooner part with existence itself than this valuable gift from the father of his Florida. The Count nodded, with a smile of satisfaction; while the eyes of Florida filled with the tears of transport, and Ap Gryff could scarcely contain the feelings of delight which occupied his breast, and violently struggled for utterance.

On the following morning Ulric arose with a joyous heart: the first night had passed away, and the period of his stay in the castle diminished hourly. Much as he felt the bitterness of parting with his Florida, and terribly as he dreaded the hour of separation, he wished the moments to

speed along with increased rapidity, since he was anxious to enter upon his new profession, in order that he might convince the Count and his instructors that he was not unworthy their tuition and regard. As much of his time as possible he devoted to Florida, yet not so much as to neglect his attention to the inculcations of Ap Gryff and the Count to which he now paid redoubled respect, as he considered that so short a time would elapse before he should be required to act upon them, and to shew whether he had profited by the lessons of experience. Florida herself had now become so reconciled to the departure of her lover, that she no longer curbed his rising enthusiasm with her ill timed apprehensions, but aided the task of her father and the bard, and endeavoured to stimulate him to activity in his new career, that their union might take place with

as little procrastination as possible. Florida also felt another motive urging her to this course of conduct: she loved her country; bred and educated amongst her native mountains, and in those principles of liberty which such a scene was well calculated to encourage, she sighed for the oppressions under which Switzerland groaned, and anticipated with delight the blissful period of her emancipation. If Switzerland should be freed, and Ulric should bear a conspicuous part in her liberation, she felt that, althought she could not love him more than she did at present, she should look upon him with a sort of reverential gratitude as well as the eye of love. She was also aware that her own heart, her own consequence would be flattered by the homage which would be universally paid to her husband, that the offer-

ings made to his worth by a delivered nation would be equally gratifying to herself, and in these moments of anticipation, she was accustomed to exclaim—" who would not rather wed such as Ulric, though obscurely born, than the wealthiest Swiss without the inherent nobility of worth?"

CHAPTER III.

THE last morning of Ulric's stay in the castle of Zur soon dawned upon the world, and the youth arose full of animation and hope, not entirely unmixed with sorrow, at the prospect of parting with his loved Florida. She was also a prey to much disquietude, although she resolved to cast off those apprehensions which invaded her peace, and to bear the pang of separation with as much fortitude as possible. But the idea that before another dawn the object of her love and solicitude would be far removed from her, and have entered on his career of glory and

danger; that she might no more behold him, but, might be doomed to all the pangs of premature widow-hood—these reflections were too much for her weak philosphy to support; and, notwithstanding her utmost exertions, she appeared before her father and Ulric, dejected, with her eyes red from weeping, and wild from want from rest. The cheerful conversation of her lover tended in some degree to dissipate the gloom which had overspread her spirits, but it returned with redoubled force when she pictured to herself the desolate appearance which the morrow would wear to her, when she should not hear the voice which now beguiled her of her sorrows and charmed her heart. In the depth of her despondency, Ulric perceived the rootedness of her affection, and a secret pleasure filled his soul as he congratulated

himself on being so sincerely beloved by one of nature's most enchanting ornaments; the happiness which resulted from this thought was qualified and lessened by the consideration of the uncertainty whether he should yet be destined to share his future existence with her. If the means lay in his own power, if no superior fate controuled his efforts and disappointed his hopes, he might boldly calculate on happiness; for he was resolved that activity, vigour and resolution should mark his course in his new profession. The glory of Switzerland, tarnished and diminished as it was, still lay near to his heart, and, involved as it now was with his own personal welfare, he had an additional incentive to support and defend it; to regain those national privileges which had been abridged by the power of usurpation; to es-

tablish that freedom which had been abrogated by a foreign tyranny. He must succeed, or life would lose its attractions; for, independent of the evil consequences which would accrue to his country from a series of unsuccessful efforts, he should himself be deprived of that hope which was scarcely a less stimulus to his exertions, than the good of Helvetia, and if Florida was torn from him, death would be perferable to a protracted existence, offering nothing but protracted misery.

Such were the reflections which hastily passed over the mind of Ulric as he perceived the depression of his Florida; but hope, ever predominant in the sanguine mind of youth, soon dissipated the unpleasing vision of future ills, and spread a cheering tinge over his thoughts which speedily communicated itself to his conversation

and although an involuntary sigh would now and then burst from his bosom, as he attempted to cheer Florida, with the brightness of their future prospects, he succeeded at length in dispelling the greater part of her despondency, and in enabling her to assume an appearance of composure and even happiness.

One duty still remained to be performed, and this was to pay a farewel visit to the prior of Chamouny, and to receive the valuable gift which he had promised to Ulric. The preceding day had witnessed the visit of the youth to his paternal cottage, where he had bidden adieu to those whom nature had endeared to him; but as the flame which raged in the bosom of the son was neither felt nor known by the father, it is not to be surprized at that the latter should behold the future pros-

perity of his son with a less confident hope than that which animated Ulric. He would have been better satisfied, as he expressed himself, to see his offspring employed in the pursuits of peaceful industry at home, and to have left the deliverance of Switzerland to those who had a greater stake in her well-doing than themselves. It mattered not to them what power directed the affairs of the cantons, while they were permitted to earn and eat their food securely. Such were the sentiments of the father of the ambitious youth; but they made not the impression intended on the mind of Ulric; he heard them but he replied not as his impetuous heart prompted him, for they came from his father! From him whom he was now about to visit, he was confident of receiving different advice; since Father Ursulo was a man of extensive

information and enlightened views; one, whose mind was not content with superficial observation, but who investigated the causes of events, and formed his own opinions upon his own conviction. From such a man was to be expected the best of instruction: and Ulric, as he bent his way to the priory of Chamouny, more than once blessed the chance, although he was still ignorant of its precise nature, which had taken his education out of the hands of those who had a natural right to undertake it, and placed it in those of one who had so enlarged his mind, and had taught him to extend his views beyond the narrow and contracted circle of his own obscure situation.

Father Ursulo was alone, expecting the visit of Ulric, for he was informed that his departure was fixed for the succeeding evening; and, having led

the youth into a private apartment, he began to give to him those instructions which he considered suited to his situation, and calculated to promote his interest in his new course of life—"And now Ulric," he continued: "I will give you some insight into my earlier life, for precept without example is not calculated to make that deep impression which I could wish to fix upon your mind; and I think the sketch of my career through the world may neither be unamusing nor uninstructive. My father was a wealthy Swiss, and my birth place was Appenzel: here, under the care and tuition of my fond parents, my infancy and youth flew on, until the down of manhood stole the smoothness of my face. My father himself, although peaceably inclined, and disposed to end his days in quietnes, instilled into my youthful mind a just indigna-

tion gainst the oppressors of my country, and his repeated remarks on this subject sank deeply into my mind, and produced the fruits which exhibited themselves subsequently. Amongst the persons who visited at my father's house was a man of gigantic person, whose countenance, however, was strongly tinged with the hues of benevolence, and who, when no other visitor was present, accustomed himself to speak of the wrongs of Switzerland, with an enthusiasm of indignation, which rapidly communicated itself to my breast. I was fired by the subject, and felt interested in revenging the injuries which had been conferred on us as a nation. The stranger beheld my feelings in my agitation, and he contrived frequently to see me alone, and to fan the fire which he had kindled in my bosom: his efforts were successful, and scarcely had I seen my eigh-

teenth birth day, when I solicited permission to accompany the gallant Raisbach, who had raised and concealed a select band of patriots on the mountains. My request was enforced by the arguments of my new friend; and a reluctant consent was extorted from my parents after much solicitation. When I took my final leave of my paternal mansion, my father took me aside, and addressed me—" My son, you are about to enter on a dangerous course: be prudent and encourage a spirit of intrepidity. If you should become instrumental in the delivery of Switzerland, your fame will increase the happiness of your parents; but if the tide of fortune should oppose your efforts; if you should fall in the day of battle, and leave me childless; if I shall no more behold you; let us have the satisfaction of knowing that in death you

preserved that courage which sheds lustre on the departure of heroes. Farewel! may your success be apportioned to the justice of your cause; may Switzerland, through your efforts, once more behold the rising of her happiness and her independence, and then shall I bless the day which called you from *me*, and gave you to *your country!*" After travelling through the night, my guide and friend conducted me to a secret recess in the mountain, where he introduced me to about three hundred valiant Swiss, who scorned to bow submission to tyranny. Here I took the oath, the solemn oath, which bound me to the cause of liberty; and here was I armed with the garb of war. My spirits were exhilarated to the highest pitch, when Raisbach bound my sword on my thigh, and bade me wield it manfully: I replied that its blade should

cut asunder the bonds which confined my country, or the arm which wielded it should be stiffened in the grasp of death. How frail are human promises; how short is human foresight! Neither of these pledges have been fulfilled! For several days, I remained in the retreat, with a part of the band, while our commander went out daily to gain provisions, to recruit and reconnoitre. At length I was permitted to be his companion in one of his excursions; and, after marching over a chain of mountains, our attention was suddenly arrested by the glitter of distant arms reflected in the sun. We concealed ourselves behind a ridge of the hill, and soon heard the approach of the groupe, which we ascertained, on their approachs to amount to about one half of our own force. They were evidently on the look-out, and probably had

received some information of the existence of our band. We suffered them to pass us without disturbing their fancied security, when suddenly and secretly we advanced from our concealment, and closed on their rear. On perceiving that they were thus suddenly attacked, the enemy fell into consternation which was not a little increased by the violent impetuosity of our assault. A fierce contest, however, ensued, until the foe, having lost one half of their number, endeavoured to escape, but ignorant of the nature of their situation, their attempt only involved them in still greater difficulty and danger, for we chaced them to our own retreat, whence, on the sound of Raisbach's horn, the residue of our band rushed forth, and, the enemy rashly refusing our proffered mercy, continued to fight on unequal terms, until every

individual had felt the fatal force of the exterminating steel. The entrance of our retreat was completely blocked up with the dead, and it occupied us for the residue of the day to inter the corpses in a remote part of the mountain. The slain amounted to about an hundred and forty men, whilst our loss was only thirteen. After this contest was concluded, and the bodies had been removed, our commander called us around him, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on every individual who had shared in the fight, and, in particular, he noticed what he called my heroic conduct in such animated terms, that my young heart almost swelled to bursting with the violent emotions which filled it. I had never before witnessed a scene of contention, and it was matter of exultation to me that my conduct at the outset should have

been such as to merit such distinguished notice. From this moment, I was looked upon by the band as their future commander, in case any misfortune should befal their leader and my consequence amongst them arose accordingly. Three weeks after this conflict, a messenger arrived at our retreat with an account of the formation of a new army of Swiss, in a remote part of the canton, which were anxious to be received into our retreat, and to put themselves under our leader; their numbers exceeded seven hundred, well armed and determined warriors who were anxious to revenge an insult recently offered them by the Duke of Austria, and to assist in the emancipation of their country. The news was received with rapture, and the request of the newly raised reinforcement was immediately complied with; and in a few days

we had the happiness of receiving to an union with ourselves this fresh troop of patriots, which swelled our numbers to a respectable appearance. It was determined now to make our excursions with a greater degree of boldness since it rarely occurred that the enemy's look out parties were so formidable as to withstand the force which we should now be enabled to present to them. Our whole amount was little below twelve hundred men, since our recent recruting had been attended with tolerable success. Notwithstanding the increasing promise of our prospect however, misfortune hung over us, and was about to overwhelm us with an unexpected stroke. Twelve months had scarcely elapsed since I became member of this body, when we marched upon a desperate enterprize. which had no less an object in view than the seizure and car-

rying off of the Governor of the Canton. Early one morning we took our departure from the cavern on this melancholy expedition; and the ill-fated Raisbach, with a sort of prophetic feeling exclaimed—"Comrades, if we return no more, let not our ill fate act as a check upon your bravery: should we fall, let us have the satisfaction in death of knowing that we have left those behind who will carry on the work which we have begun: whom no terrors can daunt, no dangers appal, but who have sworn to pursue until death that object which we have faithfully kept in view!" A loud shout burst from the whole of the band, followed by a repetition of that oath which bound them to the sacred cause in which they had embarked—"I am satisfied, my friends: if I fall, I shall die in peace!" Such was the reply of Raisbach, who immediately left the

cavern, accompanied by nine hundred of his brave followers and by myself.

Before the shadows of night had enshrouded the world, we had reached the foot of the mountain, at a remote part, nearly twenty miles from our cavern, and here we paused to refresh ourselves, and to wait until the closing day should give us a fit opportunity for the execution of our project. The night came and we continued our journey. Two hours sufficed to bring us under the walls of the castle which the governor had appropriated to his own residence. Raisbach seized the horn, and blew a loud blast; the porter replied, and demanded the name and business of the intruder—"I come," returned Raisbach "from Duke Albert of Austria, and my business is with your master. Be quick to give me admit-

tance, for the importance of my message renders speed necessary !" The drawbridge was instantly lowered, and our chief accompanied by myself rushed across, and seized the paralyzed porter, threatening him with instant death if he dared to make a single exclamation which would betray us. Our troops immediately passed into the court of the castle, having cut the fastenings of the bridge that no obstacle should exist to our retreat, in case of necessity, we marched into the residence of the haughty tyrant, whose oppressive conduct had rendered him hateful to every peasant of Appenzel. No one appeared for some time to obstruct our way, until we had nearly approached to the chamber of the governor which our trembling guide already pointed out to us; when a soldier opened the door of the apartment, and on seeing

us, instantly set up a loud cry, and retired from our sight. No time was now to be lost, since we were discovered, and every means would be adopted to frustrate our design. This impression was strengthened by the sound of a horn which in a few moments, echoed through the vaulted passages of the building, and convinced us that some measures of defence were about to be adopted. We quickly reached the chamber of the tyrant, and entered it with the utmost impetuosity, but what was our surprize and consternation when we found it empty. A few minutes search discovered to us a private door on the opposite side of the room, through which we could not doubt that the governor had escaped on the first alarm of our appearance and through this passage we determined to pursue him. In a few minutes we reached

a flight of steps which seemed to descend to the subterraneous parts of the castle; down this decent we hastened and soon found ourselves where we suspected; but no traces of the fugitive were to be found, although we searched the vaults with the most scrutinizing attention; and we determined to retrace our way into the upper parts of the castle. We quickly found out the steps, and proceeded to ascend when a sudden noise and bustle over us convinced us that preparations for our annoyance were making. Confiding in our numbers and the bravery of our troops, we marched on, fearless of danger, but when we approached the top of the ascent, we found that the door which formed the communication with the governor's chamber was made fast and barricadoed against us. This

circumstance, for a moment, staggered us; but our pause was but for a moment, and twenty spears immediately transfixed the door, which was shievered in pieces by the irresistible stroke. Raisbach was the first who leaped through the choaked up passage, and he instantly found himself opposed by the object of our search in person, who, had doubtless escaped through the vaults, and taken advantage of our absence to prepare for our reception: the gallantry of our chief prevailed, but just as he had plunged his weapon in the heart of the tyrant, with an exclamation—"the oppressed of Appenzel send thee this!"—an arrow from one of the soldiers behind pierced the breast of the conqueror, and the gallant Raisbach, falling back into my arms, breathed out his heroic soul, without a word or a sigh. Long and

loud were the shouts which burst from the enemy, as they marked our commander's fall; but their triumph was but momentary; their shout was chilling for the moment to our hearts, but it produced the determination which revenge can inspire; and, with a desperate resolution, we rushed forward to defend our slaughtered chief. Numbers of the enemy fell beneath the tremendous impetuosity of our attack, and the floor of the apartment was strewed with Austrian corses, and drenched with Austrian blood; while the diminishing foe became more weak at every stroke. We calculated on an easy victory; when at the moment of our supposed triumph, a hundred arrows from an unseen part of the chamber stretched nearly as many of our gallant heroes breathless on the floor. The discharge was followed by

others which succeeded with such rapidity and precision that we began to halt in our attack, and to gaze on the sickening slaughter amongst our troops. At this instant we beheld the arras lifted up, and at the same instant our surviving troop rushed forward and buried their swords in the tapestry ; a loud cry from beneath succeeded the stroke, which was followed by the application of a lighted torch, which speedily spread the devouring flames around the appartment. No enemies now appeared to retard our retreat, and we hastened from the gloomy chamber, bearing with us the body of our commander, but leaving behind us upwards of five hundred of our gallant companions. As we proceeded rapidly through the passages, towards the gate, for I had considered further delay imprudent, since the Governor

had fallen, and seeing how much we had suffered, when we were once more galled by an impetuous attack on our rear, which made it necessary for us again to halt, and renew the conflict. The contest, however, was long doubtful, for our antagonists not only outnumbered ourselves, but were comparatively free from fatigue, and were continually increased by fresh soldiers. At length, however, notwithstanding our disparity of force we succeeded in driving back our assailants, but the victory cost us dear, for nearly half of our wearied and worn out troops which had survived the prceeding part of the conflict, now paid for this last advantage with their blood; nothing could longer restrain the fury of the few who survived, and, instantly, fifty torches were applied to various parts of the building, and the fire began to ascend in every direction. Eager to quit the

fatal spot, we rushed without the gates of the building, and made our way across the court of the castle but before we could reach the draw-bridge a horrid carnage was again occasioned amongst us, by the showers of missiles which fell thickly upon us from the trurets, the ramparts, and every outlet of the castle. It was in vain to contend any longer, and I stayed not to look behind me, until I had passed the cursed bridge, when on looking around, I found myself deserted by all my band, except two, and their bleeding bodies convinced me that I had no'hing to hope for from them. At that moment, I was almost urged to return and throw myself into the flames which seemed to envelope the whole building, but my resolution was weak, and I suffered myself to be dragged from the scene of slaughter and devastation. The flames of the castle lighted us

far on our way, and with sickened breasts, we retrod the path which had led us to the destruction which had fallen upon us; and in a short time, the dawn of the morning enabled us to gain the nearest part of the mountain. One of my companions, worn out by fatigue and loss of blood, expired on the way; and the other seemed rapidly approaching that fate which to me seemed inevitable at this moment; a few hours deprived me also of him, and I was left alone to carry the tidings of sorrow to the few gallant hearts which still remained of us. In my enfeebled state, harrassed in mind and body, and subsisting on the charity of those peasants whose cottages interrupted my way, I was upwards of two days in reaching the cavern, and when I arrived, who can paint the horror, and dismay which pervaded every countenance at the sight of me, alone, melancholy

and pale, more like the shadow than substance of a man. My narrative was short—"nine hundred brave warriors went out, but I alone am returned; the rest have died the death of heroes, and sleep on the bed of glory!" A groan of sorrow burst from the agonized troop; tears burst from their eyes; but no verbal reply succeeded. Their hearts were too full for utterance, their sorrows too rooted to be vented. A sort of apathy crept over every individual, and a torpor prevailed which seemed to threaten the death of exertion. For several weeks the troop remained close in solitude, brooding over those sorrows which were not to be remedied; and for many months after this period our excursions were rare and limited; we seemed forsaken by that spirit which formerly animated us, and without which we could hope for no future good. At length time succeeded

in wearing away the impression, and once again we began to turn our thoughts towards the emancipation of our country. The noise which had been excited by the death of the Governor, and the destruction of his castle, had been long since silenced, and the pursuit of myself, who was not known, had entirely ceased. For some time we continued to prowl about the mountains, and to recruit; but our efforts were not attended with their usual success, for the awe which had been stricken into every bosom by the fate of our brave band frustrated our exertions, and prevented the fearful peasantry from acting conformably to their inclinations. They contented themselves with wishing us success, but refrained from giving us that strength which would have ensured it. Two years had only increased our numbers to five-hun-

dred, and the spirit of patriotism seemed to have become extinct in the canton; so that we determined to quit the mountains of Appenzel, and to seek for security and succour in those of Underwald, where we understood the flame of opposition was waiting a fit opportunity to burst forth with unconquerable violence. Thither I accordingly repaired, with a single attendant, in close disguise, to discover some place of retreat, where we might remain until we could see the probability of effecting some great achievement. My search was successful, I found some interstices in the mountains, capable of containing our force, and I accordingly returned to conduct my band. It was an unfortunate journey; we fell in with a powerful body of Germans, against whom our utmost efforts proved unavailing, and with the ut-

most difficulty, I effected my escape, with about a dozen followers, and gained the mountains of Underwald, dispirited and broken hearted. Our exertions here were unavailing; we had either been deceived as to the dispositions of the people, or they were too cautious to elicit their real sentiments to such an insignificant band as that to which mine was reduced. Despairing of producing any good to the country, or ourselves, we determined to leave a land which possessed not sufficient vigour for its own emancipation, and to exile ourselves, until some symptoms of a proper spirit should display themselves. With this resolution, we bade adieu to our native Alps, and traversed the plains of Italy; thence bending our course to the French coast, we embarked on board a vessel, and in a few days landed on the British shore,

which was the land we had fixed on for our residence for the present. Years rolled away, and we remained wandering exiles, until the deeds of Tell once more reanimated our hopes and induced us to believe that the rescue of Helvetia was at hand. The efforts which immediately succeeded, however, did not keep pace with our sanguine wishes and expectations, and we still delayed our return; until my anxiety once more to return to my native country, from which I had now been absent fourteen years, was too strong to be any longer repressed, and I again left the hospitable shores, which had given me and my comrades refuge, in the hour of adversity. Six of my friends we left buried in England; they were unable to support the sad reverses which they had been doomed to experience; they could not with-

stand the shock occassioned by the disappointment of their hopes—their hearts burst with the violence of their emotions, and the land which gave them refuge, gave them also a grave. Once again I trod the mountains of Appenzel: and, being completely disguised in my person by the metamorphosing hand of time, I went bodly to my native spot, and made enquiries after my parents. Alas! what a tale of horror reached my ear. On account of my recognition, in the fatal fight, which put the finishing stroke to our hopes, as we journeyed to Underwald, my poor father was arrested, on suspicion of being concerned with the enemies to the Austrian power, and as my connection with those whom they termed *traitors* was deemed sufficient proof of the crime with which he stood charged: he was sentenced to die. The execution im-

mediately followed, and the good old man died as he had lived, a true Swiss, and praying, in his last moments, for the salvation of his beloved country. The blow was too much for the weak nature of my mother to support; she pined beneath the accumulated sorrows she had experienced: her son was lost to her, for report had stated that I had died in the last engagement; and her husband had been executed as a traitor, and so heavily did these reflections press down upon her spirits, that she breathed her last at the moment when the officers of tyranny arrived to turn her out of her residence, which was ordered to be confiscated to the Governor. The house was immediately plundered of its contents, the corpse of my poor mother was compelled to undergo every indignity which the wretches thought proper to inflict upon it, and it was with diffi-

culty that the faithful domestics could obtain permission to take away the body of their loved mistress for interment; the house was afterwards razed to the ground, and on its base was erected a mansion for the new Governor of the Canton. With a bursting heart I sought the humble cottage of one of the old domestics, who immediately recognized me, and received me with the utmost affection. From him I gathered those particulars respecting the sentiments of my parents, which are only interesting to myself, and here I was allowed to weep without observation or restraint. For some days I remained under the lowly roof of the humble Swiss, for I had neither the spirit nor the inclination to venture abroad; and as he was firmly attached to his country, I gathered from him that the hopes which had been cherished of the rescue of Swit-

zerland from the German yoke, had now entirely subsided for the present; but that many of the nobles had leagued together, and were engaged in the maturation of a plan which was to be carried into execution at some future period. Amongst the foremost of these illustrious patriots, I understood, was the Count of Zur, your noble patron, and as I was in some measure acquainted with the Prior of Chamouny, I instantly adopted the resolution, which I subsequently carried into effect, to enter into the Priory, that I might be at hand to assist the Count in his designs, and to give that assistance to my favourite object, by my advice, which I was restrained from affording with my sword. I soon obtained an introduction to the Count, and was received with an ardour of affection which flattered me, exceedingly: it was a short time only before we came to

any decision as to the best method of procedure, but at length we resolved, with the assistance of my six companions who remained in the neighbourhood of the Priory, to commence an excavation in the mountain above us, where we might from time to time concentrate forces, until we had gained sufficient strength to proceed in our grand design. The Count's interest procured an instant supply of two hundred well armed warriors, with whose assistance we soon scooped out a residence, and there we lodged the band, which was speedily reinforced to a more respectable amount. It was about this period that I first beheld you in your father's cottage, and your appearance and manners exciting an unusual interest in my bosom, I requested, and obtained leave from your parents, to take your education upon myself: and I was soon

repaid for the pains I took to inculcate in your mind the principles which were so dear to my heart, by beholding the rapid growth of them, and the promise which they held out of yielding abundant fruit. I was not a little rejoiced when I beheld in you the preserver of the Count of Zur: such a circumstance was the most fortunate for my views and wishes respecting you which could have been imagined; and it conveyed the most sensible pleasure to my heart, since it not only proved that my instructions had been successful and that this your first effort was a pledge of your future good conduct, but it placed you at once under the protection of a noble who possessed the power to give the fullest effect to my wishes respecting your future conduct. On the following day I sought an interview with the Count, when I related

to him the circumstances of your education by myself and of the pains which I had taken to instil due and correct principles into your mind. He entered warmly into my views, and resolved to complete what I had begun, and to establish the impressions which I had so successfully made, and the event has proved that he promised no more than it was his intention to perform. Some interruption indeed was threatened to the increasing brilliance of your prospects, by the love affair which he discovered to exist betwixt Florida and yourself, but this occurrence, which originally teemed with mischief and excited my utmost apprehensions lest the Count should be induced to discard you from his favour, has taken a contrary turn, and now promises to establish your happiness and your fame, if your conduct in your new profes-

sion should be such as to warrant a continuance of his favour and friendship. The band which you are about to join is led by one of my old comrades, who is the only one remaining alive, and if your behaviour should gain to you the confidence of the band, you will be elected to succeed him in the command, since he is worn out by age and exertion, and cannot be expected to survive much longer. Twelve years that I have been in this Priory I have watched the increase of the troop with unceasing solicitude, and although its increase has by no means been rapid, it will doubtless soon become sufficiently powerful to draw upon itself the attention and the hopes of Switzerland. A spirit of insurrection against the Austrian power has been universally excited throughout this Canton, and at the moment when the secret band

shall emerge from its concealment, hundreds, nay thousands, I am confident, will rush to unite with them and to commence a glorious struggle, which under the blessing of Heaven, cannot fail to secure that object which it has been the constant wish and exertion of my life to obtain. The sword which I have worn throughout my ill fated career is this: I shall now commit it to your care; although it has not carried with it victory hitherto, I trust it will achieve conquest in your hands; and I am certain that you will never give me cause to blush that I have entrusted it to your care. The Count will equip you with other armour, and our next meeting, I trust, will take place under happier auspices."

Ulric had listened with the utmost attention to the narrative of the Prior; he had wept at his misfortunes, and

condoled in his sorrows, and now, when the father had concluded, it was some moments before he could recover himself sufficiently to receive the sword which was proffered to him, and to pledge himself to the pursuance of a line of conduct which should justify the good opinion entertained of him by his friends. The farewel which followed was sincere and affecting: the youth on his knees, received the blessing of the tutor and guide of his youth; of him who had been to him as a father, under whose fostering care he had grown up flourishingly while father Usurlo himself felt that in parting with Ulric, he parted with one who seemed dear to him as would have been his own offspring; on whom his hopes were centered; and in whom his affection reposed. The scene, however, was shortened by the prudence of the

Prior, who feared to damp that spirit of enthusiasm, which he wished to see prevailing in his breast at the moment of his departure; he feared to destroy that anxious wish to enter into the service of his country, which must form the source and basis of every intrepid action, and which ought to be preserved entire and vigorous until the hour should arrive when it should be called out into action. He accordingly suddenly closed the parting scene, by pressing the hand of Ulric with a motion of convulsive affection, accompanied by an inarticulate prayer, and left the apartment.

On his arrival at the castle the youth found Florida pining at his long absence, and looking out with anxiety for his return. The sun had passed the meridian, and the lovely girl was sorrowfully employed in counting the

moments which would elapse before the departure of her lover. The sight of him, however, dissipated her sorrows for a moment, and when she saw him at her side, when she felt the affectionate pressure of his hand, and heard his much loved voice, she almost forgot the gloominess of the prospect, and gave aloose to a joy which appeared anaollyed. A few minutes brought back the reflection which had before annoyed her, and twice had Ulric repeated his request that she would favour him once more with a melody from her harp, before she could summon sufficient courage and composure to comply with his wishes. The trembling instrument at length occupied her hand, and she attempted to elicit from her instrument, the soul inspiring strain which had first captivated the youth, but her feeble touch, although it awoke the voice of harmony,

was insufficient to rouse those strains, which nerved the courage of Ulric on a former occasion: the trembling notes quivered under her touch, and what was intended to excite enthusiasm, produced a contrary effect, and drew the tears of weakness and regret from the eyes of her listening lover. "I would inspire you, Ulric (said she, essaying the strain again) but my fingers refuse, while my heart is sorrowful. But I will rouse myself with the hope that we shall soon meet again, and meet, to part no more. There, that thought gave me fresh courage, and the music is of a more nervous nature: although I cannot, with my utmost efforts, do justice to it at this moment!"

The sounds which now emanated, however, quickly dried the tears of Ulric, and excited those sensations within him, which had lain dormant

during the day, until this moment. "Thou art my inspiring angel!" exclaimed he, pressing the hand of Florida to his lips; "and thy strains have taught me my duty." Yes, we shall meet again, under happier circumstances, I shall soon return to claim from you, my love, the reward of my exertions in the cause of my country. From this moment, then, let us cast off every appearance of despondency, for I feel within me a confidence of success which has no common origin: a feeling which must be the result of inspiration. Switzerland will yet be free, and Ulric Gribenholt shall not fight in vain!"

At this moment the Count entered the apartment, followed by a domestic bearing a suit of armour which was intended for Ulric, and at sight of which the youth felt his bosom fired with a courage and ardour superior

to any he had yet felt. The panoply was elegant and skilfully made, and on trying it on, Ulric found it completely adapted to his size and strength. "How can I sufficiently thank you my lord," said he, in a transport of joy which betrayed itself in his countenance and his voice; "how can I merit this conspicuous mark of your lordship's goodness? Every return which I can make will fall far short of the value of this inestimable gift!"

"Reflect no discredit on it Ulric," returned the Count, who was enchanted with the military appearance of the youth; "and I shall be abundantly recompensed. You saved my life; and I do but fulfil part of the obligation I owe you in giving you the opportunity to signalize yourself in the cause of your country. A brighter reward still awaits your succesful exertions!"

If the Count was gratified by the appearance of Ulric, Florida was enraptured, as she beheld his graceful person clad in its glittering garb. In her estimation, he presented to her at this instant the most beautiful object she had ever beheld, and retiring for a moment to an adjoining chamber she returned with a beautiful scarf worked by her own fingers, which with an evident appearance of self-satisfaction, she threw over his shoulders, exclaiming—" there, my gallant soldier, when you fight in defence of your country's rights, let the recollection of her who gave you this stimulate you to greater exertion!" "Bravo, my daughter!" vociferated the transported Count—" that sentiment was worthy of a descendant of the house of Zur; and it will not be lost upon your warrior, if I may judge from the emotions which you have excited in his bosom!"

Ulric indeed was too much agitated to give vent to his feelings; he pressed the hand of Florida together with her invaluable gift to his lips; then bending his knee to the ground cast his eyes up to heaven, and folded the scarf to his bosom, in silent eloquence, best explained his feelings. The scene was now grown universally interesting; and it was rendered still more so, by the entrance of the venerable Ap Griff, who had been also provided with armour suitable to his years, and who now appeared perfectly ready for the field with his inspiring harp slung over his shoulders. The expression which beamed from the eyes of the venerable bard, displayed the state of his mind, and the animation which marked every feature of his countenance, proved the excess of happiness which glowed within him. Ulric beheld his aged companion with

increased respect, while the bard gazed on the youth with admiration blended with astonishment. Their mutual congratulations on their new and military garb, were interrupted by the Count, who desired Ap Gryff to give them another strain of his harp, before he bade adieu to the castle, a request which the Briton felt proud to comply with, and tuning his instrument, he swept the strings with an energy which seemed more than mortal: while the fire of inspiration which lighted up his countenance, added to his martial appearance, rendered him a much more superhuman object than when he alarmed Ulric and his Florida on the mountain. But if his appearance was so animated, his strain was still more so; the subject of his song was new and it was prophetic; he predicted the fall of tyranny, and the emancipation of Hel-

vetia; he penetrated, futurity and dwelt upon those days which would succeed the victorious career of the mountain band; he sang the joys of that period when the peasant should toil in greater security, and gain a greater reward for his labour; when the Alps should be purged from their oppressors, and hope and happiness should become the guests of the mountains; he then cast his anticipating eye through the dim vista of future generations, and predicted that the name of Tell should be held in veneration, while a mortal breast survived to cherish the love of liberty; and the bard concluded with painting the happiness which would ensue from the union of the branches of the houses of Zur and Tell. Every eye was fixed in rapture on the band, and every ear was strained, even after he had concluded his song, to catch any further

emanations of his inspired genius. Blushes of pleasure and maiden modesty crimsoned the cheeks of Florida, as she listened to his concluding words, while joyous transport sat upon the countenance of Ulric, and pleasure mixed with pride clothed the brow of the Count himself. The harper beheld the emotions he had excited with a self-gratification of the most superior nature, and followed his ravished hearers who led the way to the castle hall, where a banquet had been prepared by the hospitality of the Count, in honor of those who were about to exchange his residence for the field of glory, or rather for the caverns of the mountain.

The interval which was to elapse before the departure of the warriors became shorter and shorter: the banqnet was ended, and the declining sun shed his parting splendors round

[library stamp]

the scenery which environed the castle. It was the pensive time of the evening, and the mind of Florida and Ulric were in unison with the scene. The Count devoted the few remaining minutes to the inculcation of proper sentiments into the bosom of Ulric, and in deputing to them and his companion the conveyance of his wishes that the number of the mountain band might not be diminished by any unnecessary exposure, until they had gained their utmost strength. When they discovered that no further recruits were to be obtained; and that nothing further could be accomplished until a general engagement should be risked, then he was ready to admit the necessity of emerging from their place of concealment, and of exposing themselves to this risk. He exhorted Ulric to pursue his new career with zeal and courage, and never to

suffer himself to be daunted by the appearance of dangers however alarming, nor ever to be taken unawares. The youth felt a momentary uneasiness that it should be thought necessary to give fresh advice to him; but as he had never yet been tried, he acquiesced in its necessity, determined as speedily as possible to prove himself worthy of more unqualified confidence, and to shew by his conduct that there was not a heart in Helvetia which swelled with a greater interest for her welfare, nor a hand which was more devoted to her service, than the heart and hand of himself.

The evening had now closed in, and the duskiness of the atmosphere rendering the opportunity favourable for the departure of the two warriors, the Count displayed a wish to accelerate it. He accordingly ordered his domestics to prepare the steeds of

the travellers, and, withdrawing with Ap Griff to give some further instructions to the bard, left Ulric and the agitated Florida alone. No sooner did the youth find that they were unobserved, than he took a ring from his finger, and placing it on that of Florida, accompanied the present with a request that she would wear it as a pledge of his unconquerable attachment. The blushing maid received the present with pleasure, and the affectionate pair had scarcely found time to exchange their mutual vows of constancy once again, before the return of the Count and Ap Griff put an end to their interview, before either of them had found time to to give utterance to half which was intended to have been said. The steeds were prepared, and the Count summoned Ulric to attend; Ap Griff had slung his harp across his shoul-

ders; and all was in readiness: when the youth contrived to linger for a moment behind, and catching the sorrowful Florida in his arms, he strained her affectionately to his bosom, and faintly whispering—"Forget me not, my Florida!"—tore himself away from her, and left her drowned in tears.

The horse which had been prepared for Ulric was a beautiful and spirited animal, the choisest of the Count's stock, who as he presented to him this new gift pressed his hand, and desired him while he evinced no fear of danger, to cherish a proper regard for his own personal security. The youth promised obedience, and leaping on his steed, waved his hand again, and rode out of the castle yard, accompanied by the venerable bard, who was mounted on an animal scarcely inferior to his own. The moon had

risen in all her silvery splendour, and threw a pensive radiance over the surrounding scene; all was still and serene, and Ulric could not restrain himself, as he mounted an eminence near the castle, from pausing to look back upon a spot so dear to him from its containing all that was valuable on earth in his imagination. The scene around him was familiar to his eye, and estimable to his heart; oftentimes had he wandered with Florida from the castle to this very eminence; oftentimes had he lingered with her on the very elevation where he now stood, and surveyed with joyous heart the unequalled beauties of the mountain emerging above him. Those delightful moments of intercourse were now at an end. He should no longer be enabled to visit those spots of earth but in his imagination, until he should

have faced danger, and entered upon the ordeal which he was decreed to endure, before he could be esteemed worthy of her love for whom he would willingly sacrifice his existence. He should now no longer hear the music of her harp, and the still more enchanting tones of her voice addressing him in accents of sweetest affection; at least he should not enjoy this delightful gratification again, until he had faced his enemies, and have saved his country; for to this point his ambition aspired, and he inwardly resolved, since the pangs of a first separation were over, to return no more unto the castle of Zur, until he could return with honor. Where was his Florida, now? She was a prey to that anguish which she so well concealed while he was in her presence, lest the sight of her sorrow might unman his heart. She was per-

haps in her chamber lamenting the cruel necessity which had decreed this separation, and invoking heaven to guard her Ulric! This idea was inexpressibly cheering; for, if the prayers of the best, the most innocent, virtuous and amiable of human beings could avail to draw down the protection of Heaven upon him, her's must be attended with the desired effect, for there was none more innocent, more virtuous or more amiable than his Florida. To be beloved by such an one; to be allowed to press her lips: to call her his, these then were blessings which rendered his lot enviable above that of all other men; and these blessings were to be allowed to him, with all the additional honors of fame, if he conducted himself as he ought to do in his new pursuit. In a moment his despondency vanished, and hope revived on the ruins of apprehension; he felt all

his former enthusiasm; he owned once again the genial warmth of that fire which had glowed within him, before he saw his Florida, and which had been subsequently revived whenever he listened to the strains of the harp of Ap Griff. His confidence of ultimate success, his anticipations of future glory, were strong and lively as ever, and the listlessness to other pursuits which love too generally produces in the breast was superceeded by a martial ardour the most vigorous and promising. He determined that his conduct in the hour of trial should be such as could not fail to be approved; he would show himself wherever danger appeared: he would stem the tide of battle, and seize victory by the plume; he would secure the independence of his country, and punish those who had oppressed her, and these ideas

took such full possession of his mind, that in the ardour of the moment, he exclaimed—"Victory or death shall be my maxim in the hour of battle!" These exclamations startted Ap Griff and rouzed Ulric from his reverie.

Ap Griff, had refrained from disturbing the meditation of Ulric, for he considered it an act of cruelty to refuse him the indulgence of pausing for a few moments, before he quitted the residence of his Florida, and he himself employed the interval, in calling to mind the days of his own youth, and in resuscitating, in his own memory, those scenes which it had been his destiny to witness and to share. The old harper was completely engrossed in the pleasures which he derived from the retrospect; he could look back without sorrow, without a sigh, on events

which at the period of their occurrance, filled his bosom with agony and his soul with terror. Lost in the contemplation of years gone by, the bard noticed not the lapse of the minutes, and when Ulric made his involuntary exclamation, Ap Gryff started from his reverie with astonisment, and urged his young pupil to push forward and recover the time they had lost, which must have been some considerable period, from the progress of the moon. The youth assented to his companion's request, and the two travellers in a short time arrived under the walls of Chamouny, where Ulric felt himself urged for a moment to pause a second time, and pay a tribute of respect to the worthy prior, the instructor of his youth. "A better man, my friend (said he) than Father Ursulo is not to be met with; a man possessing more information

and more virtue, the union of which qualifications renders him an inestimable friend. To him I owe all that I have stored up in my mind; to him I am indebted for my present disposition and my present prospects, and when I forget him, or when I cease to remember him with respectful admiration, may I lose the affection and esteem of those who are most dear to me. I am sure, my dear friend, that had you known or seen him, you would have felt interested in his behalf; there is such a look of heavenly benignity seated upon his brow; and his whole conversation and conduct are so attractive that I think no one can become acquainted with him without loving him."

"I have heard much of father Ursulo, my dear Ulric" returned the bard; "and from the general des-

cription I have heard of him, I cannot suppose your account of him is at all exaggerated. I congratulate myself upon not having become acquainted with him, since to have known him so short a time, and then to have been separated from him, just as I had begun to develope his worth, would have occasioned a pang even in my old bosom, which I rejoice that it has been spared from experiencing. But, let us get forward, for the night proceeds rapidly; and, according to my directions, we have a journey of six hours to take."

Saying this the bard pushed on with increasing alacrity, and soon the tower of the priory was concealed by the distance, and the two warriors wound up the sides of the mountain with fresh vigour and spirits, for the further he proceeded from Zur, the more did Ulric feel the revival

in his breast of those sentiments which he had more then once feared had been merged in his excessive love for Florida. In about two hours, the travellers had made great progress, and the bard beguiled the tediousness of the way with tales of yore, tales of the deeds which he had witnessed, traditionary stories of Britain; while Ulric felt a delight in pointing out to Ap Gryff as they mounted the stupendous acclivities, the precipices over which he had leaped when pursuing the chamois over the innumerable steeps which lifted their various heads around them; " and yonder lies the wide gulph (continued Ulric) where I met with those severe wounds which had well nigh killed me, and put an end to all my projects and prospects at a very early period. The illness which was the consequence, however, I shall never cease to remember with

pleasure, for it was then that I first discovered that Florida did indeed love me, and it was then also that my worthy friend the prior interested himself so effectually on my behalf, and obtained for me from the Count the conditional promise of the hand of her whom I prize above all the world.

Thus for about two hours longer the travellers continued to beguile the tediousness of the way; when they suddenly fell in with a party of the mountain band who were on the look out, and who, having received information of their expected arrival, received them with joy, and conducted them by a nearer route then they were about to have taken towards the cavern. That road was intricate and dangerous; here and there the jaded steeds could scarcely mount the acclivities; and in other

parts the abysses which intervened were such as would have terrified any persons of less courage or perseverance. But Ulric and Ap Gryff possessed minds not to be daunted by any dangers however terrific; and with ready speed they followed their conductor amidst the chain of hills, until they reached a deep and yawning cave, when the leader dismounting, exclaimed—" Here, friends, you behold the residence of the mountain band!" The rejoiced Ulric leaped from his steed, and, followed closely by Ap Gryff, approached the entrance which was illuminated by torches, on the leader sounding a horn, and in a few minutes the wearried warriors entered a spacious room formed out of the womb of the hill, and were received by the captain, in whom they recognized the messenger who had visited Zur.

CHAPTER IV.

The harp of Ap Gryff was a novel instrument to the band, who, while the newly arrived warriors refreshed themselves after their long and toilsome journey, walked round it, and eyed it with looks of curiosity; and the captain himself felt some indignation as he said mentally—"Does this old fellow suppose that we shall find leisure to dance to his music, or to listen to strains which are only fitted for a woman's ear?" He repressed his feelings, however, but could not refrain from looking frequently at the singular make of the instrument, which was not similar to any thing he

had seen. The bard and Ulric had perceived the curiosity which had been excited by the harp, and Ap Gryff resolved, when he had finished his repast, to give them a specimen of the powers of his music, and to convince himself whether the natural passion of the Swiss for melody might not be turned to wonderful advantage. In the mean time the strangers delivered the messages with which they had been intrusted by the Count, and entered into an animated conversation with the leader of the band, as to the future conduct of the band. The captain was not a little surprized and delighted to ascertain the extent of the bard's information on military topics, and he flattered himself that his advice might be of very material service to him in assisting his future plans, and placing their security on a more permanent and less questionable basis.

The captain had of late suspected that some of the enemy had discovered their retreat in the mountain; and, indeed, it was matter of surprize to him that they had not previously found it out, since their residence there had been for a period of twelve years, and they had been, of necessity, in the constant habit of marching forth into the mountains, in quest of provisions, and other articles equally requisite for use. Some few days previous to the arrival of the new warriors, a party of Germans had been seen to wind round the summit of the mountain which overlooked the cavern, and had appeared to pry very particularly into the various recesses, although they did not attempt to make an entrance into any one of them. It was true they had not discovered the abode of the band, which was completely hidden from their view by an obtrud-

ing cliff, but if they had acquired information sufficiently accurate to guide them so near to the spot, it was natural to expect that they would not quit their search until it had proved successful. On this occasion, the situation and strength of the look-out party were such that they could neither attack the enemy, nor summon their comrades to their assistance; since if they had made an assault and succeeded in defeating the enemy, this circumstance, with the narrative of those who had escaped, would have confirmed the enemy in their belief that the band occupied a retreat near this spot, and the consequence would have been the arrival of a much more formidable party, who would have discovered the retreat, and if they also had been defeated, the residence could no longer have been secure. They accordingly kept close in their con-

cealment, until the enemy's band had disappeared behind a remote part of the mountain. Other visits of a similar nature were now to be expected, and the captain had stationed centinels about the cavern to bring the earliest notice of the appearance of any fresh bands, in order that measures might be adopted to cut off their retreat, unless the force of the enemy was such as to render this design impracticable; and, in that case, to keep close within the recesses of the mountain, that they might if possible elude discovery. The arrival therefore of Ulric and Ap Gryff at this moment was particularly gratifying to the captain, who saw the prospect before him of increasing difficulties; and the purport of whose visit to the Count of Zur was to solicit some aid to assist him in forming plans to meet and overcome the dangers which ap-

peared before him. He felt himself considerably relieved by their arrival, and began again to anticipate an easy extrication from the perils which surrounded them, when he began to fathom the depth of Ap Gryff's knowledge of military matters, and to develope the fund of knowledge and experience which was laid up in his bosom. He felt his respect for his new visitors increase as he beheld the ardour and courage of the one, and the wisdom and coolness of the other: he began to perceive the true value of the acquisitions which he had derived from his recent visit to the Count, and he was convinced, that if an hour had rendered them so estimable in his opinion, an intercourse and association of a longer period must lead him to a still more correct acquaintance with their intrinsic worth. Reflections such as these rapidly succeeded each

other in the breast of the captain, while the bard and Ulric recruited their wasted strength with refreshing draughts from the rich wines which had been set before them, and which were doubly sweet to their taste, when they understood them to have constituted part of the rich booty taken, with a German detachment, which was fell in with while bending its march over the chain of hills which surmounted the cavern.

When the refreshment was removed, Ulric in a whisper, requested Ap Gryff to favor the bard with a few inspiring strains of his harp, when the bard perceiving that the curiosity which had been excited by the first view of his instrument, had not subsided, exclaimed—"I see, my gallant comrades, that you are not acquainted with the weapon I carry there, but with your captain's permission, I will give you

a specimen of its powers, and, if I mistake not, it will be allowed to possess some force." The captain assented with a smile, for he could not yet consent to divest himself of the opinion he had previously formed, that if they were obliged to trust to such weapons as that specimen displayed, their subjugation would be matter of no great difficulty. The band assembled round the bard, who, as he tuned his instrument, added—"This harp has disarmed a German detachment, and has taken away from them the power of doing harm: it has led armies to victory, and stimulated soldiers to rival in their actions, the deeds of heroes. But you shall soon have a specimen of its powers and if it fails to excite a spirit of enthusiasm in the bosom of every Swiss, I shall confess that I am most grievously disappointed in the extent of the know-

ledge which I possess of human nature." As he heard this introduction, the incredulity of the captain himself began to give away, and he waited with something like impatience for the sound of this wonder-working instrument, which, if it did indeed answer the representations of the performer, must be of greater efficiency in their situation, than a reinforcement of a hundred swords.

Ap Gryff had now prepared his instrument, and the band stood round, listening with the most marked attention to catch the sounds which were to produce such inspiring sensations in every breast. On a sudden the harper swept the strings and gave expression to one of the sweetest melodies of Taliesin. It was one which Ulric himself had never before heard, and the masterly musician displayed in its performance a skill never to be sur-

passed by human ingenuity. As he proceeded, the utmost variety of emotions was depicted on the countenances of the whole band: not an individual was unmoved; the captain himself sat, in an attitude of admiring wonder, and scarcely permitted himself to breathe, lest he should lose some part of the Heaven-born harmony. Having by his pathetic strains, effectually succeeded in melting the rugged hearts of the mountaineers, and in drawing from their eyes the hardly relinquished drops of sympathy: the musician suddenly struck into a martial strain of the most inspiring nature. Every countenance was instantly braced up to a pitch of enthusiasm surpassing conception; and the incredulous chief himself, leaping from his seat, half unsheathed his "battle blade," and seemed to burn with an unquenchable ardour to rush to con-

flict. A similar fervor, by degrees, pervaded all around, until the enthusiasm was rouzed to such a pitch that the bard deemed it an imprudent experiment to stimulate the listening warriors any futher: accordingly, he fell into a gradually gentler strain, progressively relaxing the sinews of that ardour which he had instilled, until he brought them down to a level with their former selves. Suddenly ceasing, Ap Gryff, addressing the captain, inquired what he thought of the powers of his instrument; and whether he considered it possible that the harp could be used to advantage in leading the warriors he commanded in the day of battle?

It was not until after the lapse of some minutes that the astonished captain was enabled to reply to the question of Ap Gryff: at length, however, he recovered himself sufficiently

from the astonishment into which he had been thrown, and replied—"By the blessed virgin and all the saints in the calendar, but you threw me into such an ecstacy that I could have gone singly, and fought against a thousand Germans: and, if I am not much mistaken, most of my brave fellows who heard, felt something like myself. I don't wonder that you led armies to victory with such music as that; for although I have been a soldier ever since my youth, and have seen many a hard and bloody contest, I never felt, in the midst of battle, when a man always fights best, a greater degree of ardour and enthusiasm than I did at that moment when you played your instrument so divinely. I did not at first much like your bringing music here to amuse us, but if all music was like your's, I should be tempted to cry out—give us more music than

swords! Would to God, that we had possessed such an instrument as that, and such a musician as yourself, on some particular days, which rush up in my recollection, when many of my brave friends were slaughtered: they might still have survived, and Switzerland, even at this moment, might have been free! Oh! these were melancholy times; and Father Ursulo, of the Priory of Chamouny, who was my comrade in those bloody contests, can bear witness to the truth, when I say that the sun never rose on days which were more completely drowned in blood!"

"Father Ursulo has made me acquainted with the dreadful circumstances to which you allude, gallant captain!" answered Ulric, "nor has the lapse of nearly thirty years been able to obliterate the sad impression of those scenes from his mind. But the

spirit of those brave martyrs is revived in us, like them we will venture our lives for our country; and if we die, like them, we shall die gloriously. But the harp of Ap Gryff shall lead us to victory, and those animating strains which shall prove an irresistible stimulus to our intrepidity, shall strike dismay into the hearts of our enemies. Let us not despair of success; Switzerland shall yet be free!"

The animation of Ulric's voice and countenance instantly communicated itself to the band, who, with one impulse caught the inspiring words, and in a single voice which almost shook the mountains, vociferated—"Switzerland shall yet be free." The echoes caught the inspiration, and the joyous acclamation rebounded with astonishing rapidity from hill to hill. The captain himself became touched with a similar enthusiasm—"the arrival of

our friends (said he) is attended with circumstances of such a happy nature, that I trust they are intended to convey to us a confidence that the power of Austria is near its decline, and that Switzerland shall indeed be free!"

Although the accommodations which the cavern afforded to the wearied limbs of Ulric were not equal to those which he had been accustomed to find in the Castle of Zur, yet his excessive fatigue rendered the rugged couch on which he stretched himself sweetly refreshing. He had been used, before his introduction at the castle, frequently to find repose in the caverns of the mountains, when he had been drawn to any great distance, by his eagerness after the chase of the Chamois, and he never failed to rest soundly after weariness had qualified him for any couch, wherever he might

THE TANJORE M...

chance to be found by the darkness. The hardness of his bed was now the least consideration which occupied his mind, his busy thoughts reverted to the past, to his intercourse with Florida; and to the numerous happy moments which he had recently spent; he pictured to himself the affectionate constancy of his love, and looked forward with confidence to the obtainment of her as a bright reward for his toil and exertions. He then turned his eye to the scenes which would intervene betwixt the present period and that to which he looked forward, with an eye of hope. In imagination, he entered into the conflicts which he was destined to witness; and beheld the strides of death over the field of contention, and there was he occupied until the power of sleep overtook him, and plunged him into a temporary forgetfulness of the past, and listless-

ness as to the future. The wearied bard who was stretched at his side sank into a similai enjoyment of the extatic refreshment which nature derives from periodical insensibility and repose.

For several days after the arrival of the warriors, they were occupied, in concert with the captain, in adopting measures for their greater security, by the throwing up of an immense mound of earth, immediately at the entrance into the retreat, so that the cavern itself could not be discovered without the most minute investigation. This defence would also be of essential service, if the retreat should be discovered, and an attack should be made upon it, for the difficulty of forcing an entrance would be greatly augmented by the artificial fortification which had been thus added to the natural strength of the place. When this preparatiou was completed, every

individual found himself still more secure than before, and the daily excursions were made with much more spirit since the band had learned to place more confidence in the secrecy and security of their retreat in case of necessity. The numbers of the troop exceeded three thousand, and great expectations were entertained of the addition which would be made to them whenever they should advance from the mountains, and raise openly the standard of insurrection against the power of Austria: and this hope was founded upon the general dissatisfaction expressed by all ranks of the Swiss against the increasing exactions and oppressions of the Germans.

At length the hour arrived when Ulric's wish to meet the enemy was to be gratified. One morning the captain expressed his intention to march from the retreat, and pour his troop

down suddenly, under cover of the darkness, upon the town of Zurich, since he was convinced, that unless some decisive measure was adopted, it was in vain to hope for those reinforcements which were necessary to give the band that efficiency which was so much to be desired. He contended that much might be expected from the panic which would be occasioned to the enemy by the sudden appearance of the Swiss troops, and he calculated with much confidence on the co-operation of the inhabitants of the town, who, he was convinced, only waited for such an occurrence, to rise upon the oppressors. Ap Gryff professed himself unable to advise in this dilemma, since he was not sufficiently acquainted with the dispositions of the people: he considered the attempt would be attended with very great risk; but, if it succeeded, it

could not fail to be productive of very beneficial effects. Ulric was equally cautious of advancing, but expressed his readiness to enter into any service which the captain might entrust to him, whatever the dangers and difficulties which surrounded it. The determination of Ulric, and a similar resolve of Ap Gryff, were received with pleasure by the captain, who was not to be deterred by any considerations of risk from making an attempt on which he had fixed his mind. He was wearied with staying in the cavern, in a state of indolence, for so long a period; further delay might easily be advised by those who were not doomed to endure the hardships of such a state of existence, who had not braved the fury of twelve winters, in a damp unwholesome cavern, unsheltered from the effects of the weather: his five comrades who had en-

tered with him into this retreat, had fallen victims to their patience and their patriotism; and he felt his own constitution daily sinking under increasing hardships. He was resolved, therefore, to stake all upon one grand essay, let the result be what it might; if unsuccessful, he should but accelerate his end by a few months, or perhaps only weeks; while, if success should attend the effort, Zurich must be emancipated from the power of the Austrians, and there could be no doubt that this stroke would lay the foundation for the restoration to liberty of all the other cantons.

No sooner was this resolution agreed on in the mind of the captain, than it was communicated to the band, who were ordered to be prepared for their departure on this desperate enterprize by the second night, when it was intended to proceed by a short

route down the mountains to Zurich, and to attack the place before day light should betray their design to the enemy. All was now bustle within the cavern, and the clang of arms reached from one end to the other. Every individual was eager for the destined moment, every one was anxious to evince his courage in the presence of a foe which was universally hated. Ap Gryff and Ulric, however, were not so sanguine as to the result of this plan, for the former had succeeded in making the latter sensible of the imminent danger to which the captain exposed his band by this daring enterprize. Nothing, however, could prevent the attempt from being made, and it only remained therefore, for them to do their duty, in common with the rest of the troop, and to contribute, as far as it lay in their power, to a successful

result. They accordingly made every preparation which was necessary on their part; and the whole being completed within the given time, just as the sun had withdrawn his last beams from the world, the second evening after the determination had been formed, the whole of the troop moved foward from the cavern, and began to descend the declivity which stretched from the mouth of the retreat down to the foot of the first eminence. In less than two hours the whole scene was enveloped in the impenetrable mists of night, but as the band were well acquainted with every part of the mountains, the darkness impeded not their progress, but was rather considered as favourable, since it tended to cover their designs, and to render their approach less likely to be discovered. Three hour's lapse, during the gloom of night

brought the whole of the band into the neighbourhood of Zurich, where their arrival was totally unexpected, but as the night was not sufficiently far advanced, to make their attack so practicable and so likely to be attended with success as could be wished, it was resolved to postpone the assault until an hour after midnight; inthe mean timethe band was drawn off to some little distance from the town, and the captain, attended by Ulric and Ap Gryff, went to reconnoitre the state of the fortifications, and to decide upon what part the attack ought to be made; for since the design had been proceeded in thus far, the friends considered themselves bound by every sentiment of duty to give the utmost assistance in their power to the further plans of the captain.

A very cursory examination of the walls convinced the leaders of the besieging army that the capture of the place would be attended with much greater difficulty than the captain had represented; for, whether the enemy had received any intimation which had led them to infer the probability of a speedy attack, or whether they had only been actuated by motives of common prudence, they had repaired and stengthened every part of the fortifications recently, and with particular care, and while they were yet under the walls, the sound of the watch word passing from the ramparts of the towers, which were stationed at intervals, convinced them that there were sentinels on duty, and that, unless uncommon secrecy and prudence were displayed in every operation the scheme would inevitably be frustrated. At this unfortu-

nate moment the moon arose, in a clear and unclouded sky, and shed all around a splendour sufficient for the distinguishing of objects at some distance; her rays were reflected on the spears of the mountain army, and the captain full of terror, as he perceived their glittering appearance, ordered them to be immediately lowered, but the command it was feared came to late, for an evident confusion and hurry was instantly evident on the walls, and it was too truly suspected that the guards had gained sight of the army, and were adopting the necessary measures to frustrate their intentions.

Ap Gryff and Ulric advised an immediate attack, but unfortunately, the captain would not suffer himself to be persuaded that the enemy had discovered his army, and under this impression, he still persisted in re-

maining silent until the appointed hour. There was no alternative but to obey, and the two warriors took their stations accordingly, and awaited the proper orders for the commencement of the assault, which the leader had resolved to make upon the two principal gates at the same instant. To one of those gates Ulric and his friend were detached, while the captain with one half of the band, remained at the other. The moment at length arrived, and the appointed signal being made, a tremendous assault was given to each of the gates, which was answered by a volley of destructive missiles which fell from the walls amongst the besiegers; and the captain beheld now that he was fully prepared for, and that his design was in evident danger of being thwarted. This idea rendered him furious, and he assailed the gate with redoubled

fury; until the massy portal, unable to withstand the prodigious force which was brought against it, fell within the walls, and in its fall crushed many of the ill-fated soldiers of the besieged; the troop of Swiss instantly rushed impetuously into the town, and a tremendous conflict ensued, in which both parties fought with a fury and resolution, the result of desperation.

In the meantime, Ulric and the warrior-bard had with their ladders ascended the walls after a most violent opposition from the enemy, and had succeeded in driving the garrison from the battlements into the town whither they were promptly followed by the whole of Ulric's division. The Governor himself became opposed to the impetuous youth, and a long and vigorous conflict ensued between the two warriors, until the German, feel-

ing his own inferiority, and fearing for the result, attempted to escape from the vigour of the youth's attack, but a well directed and furious stroke from his opponent, cut short his retreat, and levelled him, headless, in the dust. The enemy in this part of the town, seeing the fall of their governor, became seized with a sudden panic, and as a very considerable carnage had been previously made amongst them, they turned their backs on their furious assailants, and sought for security in a precipitate flight. Ulric and his friend, followed by their victorious and exulting troop, pursued the enemy as far as they could with prudence, and then pushed forwards, within the walls, to render assistance to their comrades who were engaged at the other gate: where they arrived at the moment that the weakened Swiss, disheartened by the fall of their

captain, who had been wounded early in the action, and by the rapidly increasing number of the enemy, were begiuing to give way in every direction. Encouraged, however, by the shouts of their comrades, who now rushed to their assistance, the valiant band returned to the conflict with renewed fury, and again a violent contention commenced. The body of the fallen captain was recovered, as the enemy began to give ground, and was conveyed by a chosen band, led by Ap Gryff, to the cavern in the mountain; whither Ulric already perceived that he should be compelled to retreat, since a fresh force from a remote part of the town, which had not yet been engaged in any part of the fray, appeared pouring out of the streets to give assistance to their vanquished and retiring companions. Ulric now ceased to fight for victory;

since he discovered that the weakened state of his troop, independent of their diminished numbers, was such as to render them inadequate to preserve the fruits of victory, if they were able to obtain it; and *this* was impossible, since the number of the enemy, at this moment, evidently more than trebled the original force of the mountain band. He resolved therefore to fight merely to secure a retreat; for, instead of experiencing any aid from the inhabitants, as the captain had led him to expect, he discovered the Swiss standing indifferent to the issue of the contest, or apparently only anxious how they should rescue themselves and their families and property from destruction; not one of them moved to give assistance to their gallant country men, who were fighting for *their* emancipation; not one of them drew a sword, or raised a hand

to vindicate the cause of liberty and of Switzerland. The reflection was a source of bitter regret to Ulric, who augured, from this disposition, nothing very favourable to the emancipation of his country. The gallant Swiss continued, notwithstanding every difficulty, to resist the tide of war, and to contend against the increasing number of their enemy, with a bravery which reflected glory upon them. They had retreated to the gate by which the entry had been made into the town, and there, like Leonidas, at the straits of Thermopylce, they had formed a rampart of their slaughtered foes, and raised themselves a monument imperishable as the sun. The carnage on the part of the enemy seemed to be immense; hundreds lay strewed about the streets, and marked every spot of ground, where the Swiss had stood, but the loss of numbers

seemed to be scarcely able to make the least impression upon them, for their deficiencies were quickly re-filled by the fresh troops which still poured in to their assistance. The Swiss were also much thinned: some of the bravest of the band lay surrounded by those whom they had destroyed; and the survivors seemed to view the fall of every comrade as a stimulus to excite them to new exertions.

The moon was now in her wane, and the battle which had lasted upwards of six hours, began to languish. Ulric felt convinced that he had protracted the fight until his wounded captain had been borne to the cavern, and he resolved now to take the most prudent measures for his own retreat The still multiplying force of the enemy, and the harrassed state of his own troop left him no probable hope of a victorious result: the palm had been

snatched from him in this his pristine effort, but he trusted that he displayed sufficient vigour to preserve his name from contempt. He mourned the fate of this battle, but he must content himself with lamenting it, for it was not to be retrieved under existing circumstances, and he much questioned whether the bravest leader in existence could have given a contrary turn to it, without additional strength. The night was very far spent, and to delay his retreat would be a scheme full of danger, for the dawn of day might bring upon him a greater hostile power, and his place of security, the cavern, might be easily discovered: but now the night would operate as a cover to his counter march, and the darkness which would succeed the setting of the moon, would be favourable to his escape undiscovered, and might involve those who would pursue him in difficulty and

hazard amongst the mountains. Accordingly he prepared to put his plan in execution, when he found himself suddenly attacked from behind by a fresh body of the enemy, who had marched out of the town by the other gate, and had come thus unexpectedly on the rear of the Swiss, with a view to prevent their retreat, and to complete their destruction.

Although this measure was not exactly expected by Ulric, it threw him into no dismay, it destroyed not the cool composure and natural intrepidity of his mind. The attack of the new enemy was received with an unshaken firmness which evidently confounded the assailants who seemed to have confidently expected that the Swiss would have surrendered at the first onset. The case however was different: the gallant Ulric with a vigour and impetuosity, almost more than mortal, made a most violent attack upon his assailants

in front, which induced them to make a temporary retreat, and, taking advantage of this pause, the intrepid youth turned his arms with equal vigour upon the foes who had attacked his rear. His efforts, on this quarter, however, were not attended with that success which crowned his attack upon the other division of his foes; since the troops which he now assailed were fresh: they had not been harassed in fight, nor wearied by the length of contention, but were eager to retrieve the forfeited character of the Austrian arms; while, on the other hand, the troops of Ulric, although superior in point of spirit, discipline and bravery, although infinitely above their opponents in the justice of their cause, were greatly inferior in physical strength and numbers. Their violent attack notwithstanding, although it did not produce the discomfiture of the enemy, served

to strike them with astonishment, for they had not looked for such vigour, in the present reduced and weak state of those with whom they contended. They had calculated upon obtaining an easy victory, but they found themselves opposed with a force and determination which promised them no easy triumph. The contest was carried on with the utmost resolution on both sides, but ultimately, the valour of the Swiss prevailed over the numbers of their antagonists, and the enemy began to retreat before that energy and impetuosity which they found it impossible to resist. The other division of Austrians who had been compelled to give back into the town, now advanced once more, and again assayed an assault upon their invaders; a short contention ensued, when the Germans considered it prudent to secure their own fame by again relinquishing a fight which promised them no laurels, and after receiving

some sanguinary specimens of the yet existing power and spirit of their opponents, in the loss of one fourth of their strength; they gave way, and turned their backs on an enemy, whose diminished numbers were not equal to half their own force.

These various conflicts had occupied the residue of the night, and when the enemy had been repelled for the last time, Ulric perceived the dawn of the morning mantling over the mountains. He had wished to have regained the heights before this period in order to have rendered a pursuit ineffectual to the discovery of his retreat; but as his scheme, in this respect, had been frustrated, it only remained for him to make the best use in his power, of the present imperfect state of the day. To this determination, he was still further prompted by the appearance of a fresh and formidable body of Austrian troops

who appeared in the streets of the town, marching to the support of the enemy: and although Ulric ardently desired to give to these new antagonists a specimen of the gallantry of his troops, he was aware that the circumstances under which he was placed would not justify the adoption of such a measure. He accordingly, suppressed his natural ardour, and commanded his band to retreat to the mountains. A retreat was immediately commenced, but before the wearied Swiss could pass the lowest acclivity, the dawn had so far advanced as to render visible the surrounding country, and to give them a view of their antagonists mounting the hill in vigorous pursuit of them. With new speed, Ulric urged his band to proceed, in order that, if they were compelled again to fight, they might be enabled to chuse a more advantageous position than that which they occupied at this moment. By a short and dangerous route, the gallant

youth led his followers to the summit of the second ridge, where they had a view of their pursuers marching with rapidity along the winding path which tended towards the spot where they had again paused. Another eminence it was the intention of the youth to gain, and there, if he found that his foes still gained upon him, he resolved to wait and try the event of another engagement. By that time he should have reached more than half way to the cavern, and the residue of the path thither was more easy of access than that which they had already passed. Another hour's hard exertion, when they had mounted the next acclivity would have sufficed to place the band within the recess of the mountain, but if the enemy was to be contended with, it was better to fight them on the mountain, than to lead them to the retreat which had yet remained undiscovered, in spite of the utmost exertions of their vigilance

Up the third elevation, Ulric accordingly pushed his wearied force by a brief passage, and he soon had the happiness of beholding his band safely marshalled behind an obtruding glacier, which concealed them from the enemy, and where they might fix upon the most favourable moment, for the commencement of their attack. Here he exhorted his troop once more to behave as they had in the preceding conflicts of the night, and the consequence, if not victory, must be a safe retreat to the cavern, which their bravery would preserve from being discovered. He sighed with anguish, as he beheld the reduced appearance of his troop, and their pallid countenances: still, however, he derived hope and confidence from the fire of animation, which darted from every eye as he addressed them, and from the new vigour which seemed to inspire them. Ulric himself took his station where he could mark the pro-

gress of the enemy, whithout exposing himself to their notice, and, in a short time, he beheld them mounting the extremity of the hill, and advancing towards the glacier which concealed the Swiss, who were immediate arrayed by their leader in order of battle, and waited in silence the approach of their enemy; who seemed to hesitate, for some moments, to discover the most ready path up the acclivity which surmounted them. In a few minutes they again proceeded, and soon passed the glacier where Ulric was posted, with his whole band ready to commence another assault, when the signal should be given.

As soon as the Germans had turned their backs upon the concealment of the Swiss troops, the gallant Ulric made the desired signal, and in an instant the gallant mountaineers were in motion, and soon

found themselves advantageously posted in the rear of the enemy. The attack was immediately commenced with a vigorous impetuosity which dismayed the Austrians; and their terror was not a little increased when they beheld the whole of the Swiss troop advantageously stationed in the rear, and fighting with an intrepidity which deserved victory. As soon as they recovered in some degree from their surprize, the enemy, who had been considerably confused at the outset, rallied themselves, and returned the assault, with much vigour. The din of death was now heard throughout the whole space, and the mountain echoes rebounded the clang of the martial instruments, the shouts of the contending parties, and the groans and cries of the wounded. The battle raged for an hour with unparalleled and unconquerable obstinacy on each side, neither Party seemed inclined to yield an inch

of ground, but victory or death seemed to be the object of all. Already were the defiles of the mountain choaked with the dead, which were cleared from the spot of contention, and the blood of the slaughtered rushed down the declivity, when the weakened Swiss began to give way: they were unable to withstand the numbers of their opponents which appeared to treble their own; their exhausted frames and lacerated and harassed spirits were inadequate to the longer support of such an unequal conflict, and, in spite of the intreaties and example of Ulric, they began evidently to lose ground. As the Swiss failed in their efforts, the Germans increased in their vigour; the yielding appearance of the gallant band proved a new stimulus to the exertions of their antagonists, and the Austrian army renewed the assault with a violence surpassing any preceding attack.

This resuscitation of vigour was attended with the wished for success on the part of the enemy, and Ulric, had the mortification to see the defenders of their country turning their backs on its oppressors. At this moment, however, when the palm of victory was just about to be snatched from the hands of the Swiss, while the shouts of victory were already issuing from the throats of the enemy; a circumstance occurred which recalled the fainting spirits of the Swiss, and again turned the tide of success. On a sudden, sounding through the atmostphere in strains of inspiring melody the harp of Ap Gryff was heard from the acclivity which overlooked the scene of contest. The martial music caused a solemn pause; the astonished Austrians gazed in dismay upon each other, while the skill of the heaven-born musician exerted itself to the utmost; the heart of Ulric beat high with ex-

ultation; he saw in the countenances of his troop the blessed effects of the soul cheering melody, and, aiding them with the enthusiasm of his voice, he exclaimed—"Comrades, 'tis the genius of Switzerland that interferes to blast your enemies!" In a moment the Swiss line was again formed, and the fight re-commenced with a double energy, while the martial harmony swelled with new energy, and continued to inspire the mountain band with an enthusiasm of the most unconquerable nature. Physical weakness was no longer attented to; the disparity of numbers ceased to be an object of apprehension: and the swords of the band of heroes once more opposed those of their foes. The Germans, on the other hand, unable to account for what they termed a supernatural intervention, were with difficulty prevailed upon to present an appear-

ance of opposition to the impetuous Swiss. They fought with appalled hearts: their courage had subsided beneath the influence of the mysterious melody, and they relaxed in their exertions, in proportion as the energy of the Switzers increased. For some minutes, however, the conflict was furious, for the leaders of the Austrians were unwilling to yield the victory which they had considered as already won, when the music was heard: during this ardour of contest; the skill of the unseen musician was exerted to its utmost, and the enthusiastic ardour of the band of Swiss rose higher and higher, until, at length, the impetuosity which it produced was absolutely irresistible, and the scared troops of Austria began to give way in every direction. A shout of victory from the Swiss cheered the soul of the harper, and the music responded to the pæan of the troop: the German

army, unable any longer to contend with men whose efforts they were convinced were stimulated by some celestial agency, retired with precipitation behind the glacier which had concealed Ulric and his troop, and here they endeavoured to defend themselvs; but the retreating movements of the enemy, added to the increasing energy of the strains which floated to their ears, had so inspired the mountaineers, that they no longer fought as men, but their attacks seemed nerved with superhuman courage. The enemy found this to their cost; their diminishing numbers induced them speedily to relinquish the design of remaining under the protection of the glacier; and with aprecipitation not to be exceeded they rushed forth and betook themselves to flight. The Swiss elated beyond measure at their success, from being pursued, became in their turn the pursuers: they chased the enemy

with an ardour and strength which Ulric had not supposed them to possess after the fatigues they had undergone; and numbers of the fugitive troops who had been either less able or less fortunate in their flight than their comrades, fell victims to the swords of the conquerors, before Ulric could interfere in the cause of humanity. At length the pursuit was stayed, the enemy having been driven to the walls of Zurich, while the pursuing Swiss, from the height of the lowest declivity rent the air with their acclamations, and turned about to retrace their steps with a pride scarcely to have been surpassed if the independence of Helvetia had been won by this triumph. With vigorous steps the band clambered the steep ascents of the mountain; they were no longer in fear of pursuit; they dreaded assault no more; and when on the height where the memorable contest had taken place,

the harp of Ap Gryff again sounded the strains of victory in their ears, the shouts which responded to the lay of the harper exceeded any which the mountains had echoed since the day of their creation.

The removal of the slain occupied the band some time, and two thousand corpses of the enemy were buried in one of the chasms of the mountain; while the slaughtered heroes of their own troop were consigned to another abyss, that the bones of the patriot and his oppressor might not mingle in the grave. This duty performed the heroes ascended the last eminence which divided them from their retreat; and here was seen the venerable harper, seated upon the extremity of the hill, giving existence to those strains which had produced the glories of the morning. Ulric caught the respected Ap Gryff to his arms, as he called him the saviour of Switz-

land, and the eyes of the respected bard overflowed with the tears of transport, while the grateful band raised him in triumph from his seat, and bore him to the recesses of the cave.

The first inquiry of Ulric was after the wounded captain, who was stretched wounded and dying on the hard couch of earth, which composed the flooring of the cavern. At the voice of the youthful hero the gallant leader revived, and smiled triumphantly, as the youth narrated the success which had crowned their efforts against their pursuers—"I shall die happy (said he) now I find that the cavern is undiscovered, and the frustration of my design has cost the Austrians more soldiers than the whole of my own band. But your conduct, gallant Ulric, is beyond praise; but for you these mountain heroes would have been annihilated; and but for you my body would have

remained with the enemy, to be exposed to every indignity which malicious revenge could devise. I see the error I have been guilty of: I was led astray by my own misjudged calculations ; and I have been the cause of the sad catastrophe of the last night. I am however, about to expiate for my folly with my life, and I trust my name will never be disgraced by the imputation of cowardice. Report my conduct favourably to the Count of Zur, in whose estimation I could wish that my name might long survive. Venerable harper! to you much of this day's glory is to be attributed ; you have saved Switzerland by the enthusiastic effects produced by your heavenly harmony ; and I predict that the harp of Ap Gryff and the sword of Ulric Grinbenholt shall in due time effect the emancipation of Switzerland!"

Ulric endeavoured to cheer the

wounded soldier with the hope of recovery to share in the glory of delivering his country; but Ap Gryff was silent; he had examined the wounds of the dying man, on his reaching the cavern, and being skilled in surgery, had applied those remedies which were suited to their nature, but he had discovered that although these applications might give relief, they could not save their object. The wounds were too deep for the reach of human aid, and the benevolent bard had the mortification to perceive that all his exertions must prove utterly unavailing to produce any efficient or permanent good. But so ardent was the temperament of Ulric's mind, that he saw no impossibility in the cure of the chief; he vainly imagined that the sound of triumph, the news of the success which had attended the final efforts of the band, would be the most salutary remedy which could b

applied to the wounded sufferer, and that when his mind was cheered by this intelligence, his body would no longer be susceptible of danger. He accordingly pointed out to the captain the possibility of adopting some more efficient plan for the future operations of the troop, and thus by giving his thoughts a different turn, he attempted to wean him from the contemplation of his precarious state; but his efforts were ineffectual; the soldier smiled faintly at his endeavours, and feebly articulated—"Ulric, it is in vain that you strive to animate me with hopes of life. I feel the chilling influence of death upon me, and a few minutes longer will mark the termination of my career. You will succeed me in the command of this band, and I need not recommend them to your affection, or endeavour to impress upon you the necessity of a prudent conduct—your heart and your wisdom render such measures unnecessary. I could have wished to have seen my designs crowned with success; I could have longed to fall at the moment that I might have been permitted to render an effectual service to my country; but a superior power has controuled my wishes and my hopes, and I die before that period can arrive which I have unceasingly looked forward to. Farewel, my gallant comrades, you have been my

faithful companions and have witnessed my last years, to you I bequeath my prayers and my blessing! Gallant harper; respected and wise old man, remember sometimes, the unfortunate chief, whose last moments you have witnessed—Ulric, adieu"—He would have said more, but the hand of death arrested the unfinished sentence; the power of speech was taken from him; and, pressing ardently the hand of the youth, who stood in tears, at his side, he cast his eyes upwards, with a supplicatory expression, and rendered up his soul. A sad and solemn pause ensued for some minutes, when a deep sigh burst from the bosom of Ulric, the feelings of the harper responded, and the whole band owned the power of sympathy. The rugged hearts of the warriors overflowed at the melancholy scene of death.

On the following day, the remains of the gallant chief were conveyed to a spot at a small distance from the cavern, where in a grave formed out of the sides of the mountain, by the faithful efforts of the band, the body was deposited. Ulric seized the opportunity to instil his own feelings and sentiments into the breasts of the troop: he exhorted them to swear upon the grave upon their captain, to seek revenge for his death, and not to stay their efforts until they should have effected the deliverance of their country. The mountaineers obeyed, and unsheathing their swords, bent

them over the repository of the dead, and took the oath required of them: then slowly covering up the grave, they returned towards the cavern, while the harp of the bard sounded forth an elegiac tribute which melted every hearer, and drew forth a tribute of tears to the memory of the brave.

Ulric was by the unanimous voice of the band elected the commander, and he accordingly entered upon his new dignity; the first exercise of which was to send a messenger to the castle of Zur, with a statement of the events which had taken place, and by the same conveyance, he dispatched letters to his Florida, to increase her confidence in his fidelity and affections. For in the midst of conflict, in the very heat of battle, he had not divested himself entirely of the remembrance of Florida. Her image was present to the eyes of his imagination; it animated him in the hour of danger, and led him on to the achievement of deeds of greater heroism, it shut his eyes to danger, and placed before him the brilliant object which was offered as his reward. He felt the stimulus, and allowed it to have its full effect; his sword was sharpened by the prospect which presented itself to his view, and his arm struck with redoubled vigour when he called to mind that every effective stroke removed one of the obstacles which stood in the way of his happiness and his fame.

On the following morning the messenger returned from Zur, bringing with him the Count's most extravagant applause of his conduct, and advice for his future directions. These letters informed him that the panic which had seized the enemy in Zurich was excessive; the late event had cost them nearly five thousand of their choicest troops, amongst whom was the Governor himself, who was slain early in the action. The Austrians had not expected the attack, until an hour before it took place, when the rising of the morn discovered to them their foes surrounding the walls. The intervention of the harp of Ap Gryff could not be accounted for, since those who had been defeated by its influence, exaggerated its powers to save their own reputation, and the circumstance had excited very considerable alarm in the minds of the enemy.

The letter of Florida was full of affectionate congratulation: she intreated her lover not to expose himself to unnecessary danger but to preserve an existence which involved her own. The youth perused the effusion of love with an exultation he had never before felt, and found his happiness and his enthusiasm increased astonishingly.

END OF VOL. I.

London: Printed by J, Dean 57 Wardour St. Soho.